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LITERATURE.

Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoologist. By Frank Buckland, M.A., &c., &c. Illustrated. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1875.)

FRANK BUCKLAND has certainly the knack of realising the ideal of "entertaining knowledge." It is impossible to scan his collections of papers, written mostly in the railway carriage, without admiring the observation and retentiveness of a born and nurtured naturalist. Heir to the quaint humour of his popular sire, still remembered as Oxford's Professor of Geology and for his *Bridgewater Treatise*, Mr. Buckland inherits too his father's orthodoxy as concerns science, and lends no help in his *Log-book* to Darwinism, unless it be in the insidious and damaging partisanship of one of his pet monkeys, which, he tells us, with mock pride, has appeared in public as an authoress in *Land and Water*, claiming, among other proofs of "the hairy and probably arboreal" quadruped's superiority to its descendants, the discovery of *locomotion*. Samples of the Dean's humour would occur to any Oxonian who in the old days frequented his lecture-room—few, however, better than his retort, of which his son reminds us in p. 38, upon a visitor who interrupted one of his lectures at Edinburgh upon "Fossil Footsteps in the Old Red-Sandstone," by a query why the Cheirothecium went persistently in one and the same direction. "Sir," replied the witty Doctor, "Cheirothecium was a Scotchman: he was gangling south, and na came back again." In a like vein the son is constantly betrayed into a quiet laugh at theories and theorists on the opposition side, as where in his "monkey chapter" he says of those in the "Zoo" that "they are very interesting animals, but not, so to speak, civilised: they have only their own relatives as associates, and they have not learned the elegances and refinements of polite society, to which monkeys accustomed to the continual society of our noble selves will attain" (p. 324). We seem also to see the "indoles nutrita faustis sub penetralibus" and the true sonship to one who was numbered with the "seven chiefs" who writ treatises to show "the power, wisdom, and goodness of God as manifested in the Creation," in our author's averment at the close of his paper on the Aquarium at Brighton that these aquaria "are great educational schools which will do much to teach kindness to animals, to humanise those but little brought into contact with the living works of the Creator, and above all to break down the ideas of scepticism and infidelity which are now,

temporary candidates for public approval." It should be added that the *Log-book* before us is calculated to subserve the same ends, and that it renders its task highly palatable by an enthusiasm and curiosity characteristic of the versatile author.

Perhaps there is no faculty which, if cultivated in the young, repays the pains so lastingly and pleasurably as that of "observation," and if to the use of eyes and subsequent reflection is added the habit of making a note of aught that is noteworthy, the profit stored up to the individual and his fellow-creatures is certain, sooner or later, to be considerable. Mr. Buckland's *Log-book* is at once an incentive to and a lesson in such observation. It would be difficult to get a better example of a copious induction than his survey (pp. 13-16) of almost all Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures with a view to proving that the bit of red—the red spot—in them was the result of set purpose and not a mere accident; but this induction could only be made by a mind practised in the process of observing. One charm in Frank Buckland is the candour with which he unveils his processes. *A propos* of the hippophagic banquet at the Langham Hotel in 1868, he felt himself, no doubt, called upon to pronounce an opinion; and this being adverse, let us see on what grounds he decides that, though horseflesh might be a fair stop-gap for hunters, trappers, or troopers cut off from their commissariat, it can never compete with beef or mutton in point of nutritious and fattening qualities. The instinct of the poor women who would "as soon think of cooking a cat for their husband's dinner as a bit of cat's meat" ought to weigh something; but the experience of Mr. Bartlett at the Zoological Gardens is convincing. His account to Mr. Buckland is that at one time the lions there were fed on joints of the best beef, because the keepers said the lions would not eat horseflesh. "It was observed at the same time that the lions looked very thin and the men very fat. Mr. Bartlett resolved to try whether the lions would eat horseflesh, and he found they liked it as well as beef. He acted upon this discovery. The consequence was that the tables were turned; the men got very lean, and the lions began to get plump and fat: the reader will guess the meaning of this remarkable phenomenon." It is, of course, to be wished that the keepers could have been subjected to a course of hippophagy as a punishment, but the inference from the experience of Mr. Bartlett is scarcely less valuable than had this been so. Of other flesh not commonly regarded as dainty, or even edible, among English folk, Mr. Buckland incidentally cites the appreciation by other nations. In his article on the Scotch Wild Cat, he tells us that at Pampeluna cat's flesh is an exquisite delicacy—white like rabbit's flesh, but more delicate and of finer flavour. It is not good roasted, so the cooks serve it "très friands" (p. 254). As to goat's flesh he gives a guarded opinion. The harvest-men in Scotland seem to like it. The guests of the stingy old lady who, having invited a party to eat a haunch of venison, set before them that member of "Old Billy,"

"the well-known oldest inhabitant of the stables," were somewhat more qualified in their verdict (p. 272). Readers curious in cooking wrinkles and gossip will find a great deal to amuse and enlighten them up and down our naturalist's *Log-book*. For instance, in the account of the kangaroos at Blenheim Palace occurs an assurance, which we can corroborate from experience, that kangaroo-tail soup is as good as ox-tail; and a note of the origin of the latter popular soup, which refers it to the date of the close of the Peninsular War and the cheap feeding of our French prisoners. The Commissariat used to supply them, for cheapness, "with ox tails, then considered as offal, and left on the hides." "The Frenchmen, with their usual cleverness in cooking, made these tails into soup." In a cookery book which appeared a year or two ago, a suggestion for a cheap soup was the application of calves' tails to the same purpose; but there is such a thing as improving on our culinary continental neighbours to an unremunerative excess. Mr. Frank Buckland's story of the derivation of the name "kangaroo" (a sort of Australian "Dym Sassenach") is very funny; and perhaps it is reasonable to doubt whether the derivation of the Bore at Gloucester and on the Severn (the interest in which wonderful phenomenon has been quickened and spread wider by Mr. Buckland's paper, though to Severn bank and its population it is an excuse for making up parties of pleasure and sightseeing of very old date) has much more to support it than the witticism of his friend who surmised, in reference to the increased size of the wave, if wind and tide conspired, "that in order to have a good bore it must be accompanied by a good *sow-wester*."

In the ranges of fishing and zoology this *Log-book* deals "cum omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." Is the Serpentine to be mudded? Mr. Buckland is there and details its finds and its non-finds, the most noticeable of the latter being the eels which should have thriven in its mud. Is he visiting the great authority on snakes, Mr. Higford Burr, at Aldermaston: what amusement is so congenial as "out a-snaking with the squire"? Statistics and economics meet together and get a valuable tribute in those pages of the *Log-book*, which detail our author's visit to Great Grimsby; and it is high time that action should be taken in town, as it is, we believe, in some cases in the provinces, as regards the statement of the Grimsby fishermen that they "never see a quarter the price for the fish which you pay in London. We have all the job of catching of 'em, and the least profits on them" (p. 89). Taking the market prices and the tons of fish sent away last year, Mr. Buckland finds the total sum of 544,500*l.* worth of fish. It would be interesting to learn how our great fishmongers would meet the proposal to halve this, in the interest of the fishers. One of the curiosities of the subject is the device of cod-boxes floating in the docks, like gigantic dice, each filled with one solid mass of living cod. The live cod, by the way, is not, Mr. Buckland and the aquarium tell us, the flabby big-headed creature whose head and shoulders we see on the fishmonger's slab: even as the

"herring" alive in the water, and glittering with gold, silver, and ruby, is a very much brighter being than our "Yarmouth bloater" ideal.

Had we space, we might extract for the zoologically-minded one or two of the author's experiences of mouse-valour. He was eyewitness of a stand-up fight between a mouse and a scorpion, as exciting as the combat between Heenan and Sayers, or their classical parallels Pollux and Amycus. The odds were strongly against the mouse, yet he killed the venomous beast and—ate him. As a set-off, in another page we read of a mouse caught and trapped (head and shoulders) by a Whitstable oyster. It is to be seen in Mr. Buckland's museum. Our author deserves a strong word of praise and sympathy for his uniform advocacy of kindness and conservation of animals. In this point of view, as in others, this book will be an admirable present to young people. It may also have the effect of teaching them to see in their Virgils something more than hexameters devised only for repetition or for verse-models. Mr. Buckland has the Mantuan poet at his fingers' ends for illustration of natural history. He is a little abroad, however, we think, as regards the meaning of the Greek inscription on the *rustic temple* at Blenheim. ΑΡΤΕΜΙΔΙ ΑΡΡΙΑΙ ΙΑΔΙ ΟΡΕΣΤΙΑΔΙ can never mean "Dedicated by the rustic mountain-nymphs to the Ionian Diana." It most probably means, "Dedicated to the wild and mountain-ranging Ionian Diana;" ΑΡΡΙΑΙ being the same as ἄρρη with the "ι" not subscript, but appended, as in the case of capitals. If the inscription had ended with ΟΡΕΣΤΙΑΔΕΣ Mr. Buckland's interpretation would have been tenable. It is with reluctance we close so entertaining a book. JAMES DAVIES.

Three Northern Love Stories, and other Tales.
Translated from the Icelandic by Eiríkr Magnússon and William Morris. (London: Ellis & White, 1875.)

If anything would induce us to forgive the author of the *Earthly Paradise* for his long poetic silence and those scholarly divergences into this path and that of which rumour accuses him, it would be the inherent preciousness of the things he seeks, and the beauty of whatever he burdens himself with in returning. Nor can any muse, even though she be as untiring as Mr. Morris's, remain for ever in mid-air, and it is well when the creative brain satisfies itself, in its moments of repose, with the contemplation of the great works of past times, instead of frittering away its powers on the barren and unfamiliar pursuits of metaphysics or politics. Besides writing his epic poem of *The Lovers of Gudrun*, a work for forcible simplicity, breadth of purpose, and even serenity of power, almost unequalled in the literature of our time, Mr. Morris has twice already combined with Mr. Magnússon in rendering the best Icelandic sagas which remained untranslated into English, presenting us first with the "Grettissaga," next with the story of the Völsungs and Niblungs. He follows this time with six short sagas, the most important being the three first, the "Gunnlaugssaga," the "Friðþjófs saga,"

and the "Víglandarsaga," and the others being smaller tales of varied interest and weight.

The treasure of the book is its first story. It is difficult to understand how a poem so exquisite as the tale of Gunnlaug the Worm-Tongue and Raven the Skald has eluded the attention of translators so long, especially during this present generation, when so much notice is being paid on all sides to the language and literature of the North. It is true that the bare outline of the story has been made known to Englishmen, notably in Messrs. Cox and Hunter's *Tales of the Teutonic Lands*, published three years ago, but now for the first time we have the saga rendered word for word. It is one of those works for which any rendering less exact than this is wretchedly inadequate; it claims admiration for a rounded and finished form, a passionate perfection of style, a fulness of detail without an iota of triviality or thinness, which distinguish it above all its fellows. Without the grandeur of "Njála," the romantic verve of "Grettis," the fulness of humanity of that "Laxdæla" which we can only hope Mr. Morris may yet find time to render for us, the "Gunnlaug" has a concise picturesqueness, a purely artistic perfection, which place it at least as high as these, perhaps higher. A delicate critic has pointed out how far removed "les pensées douces, les rêveries" of this saga are from the rough manners and fierce emotions of most of the Icelandic romances, and those who are less eager for tenderness in poetry than the excellent M. Chioècki may yet allow themselves to be subdued by the subtle and exquisite perfume of love that breathes from this faultless saga. The strong young poet, with his goody light-red hair, his love-some countenance and masterful mind, whose tongue is so shrewd and bitter that it bites men like a snake, is contrasted with the stately and gentle Helga, meek and maidenly in all her ways, so bathed in the glory of her gold hair that Gunnlaug calls her face a sweet field islanded in sea-flame. For all their passion and all its fitness they never win more than brief words together before all men, save that once when Gunnlaug spoke with Helga in Thorkel's hall and gave her the fairest of things, the cloak, Ethelred's gift. Then, when both the men who loved her were dead, slain on the moor of Dingness by one another's hands, Helga meekly marries the man she cannot love; but with a final touch of genius that completes the poem, we are told how, when she came to die, resting her dying head against her husband's knees, she had the cloak of Gunnlaug's gift sent for, and after gazing at it awhile, sank back into her husband's arms and died, dutiful to the last, true to her pledges, true also to her love. Mr. Magnússon, for the best reasons doubtless, alters slightly the dates of the story. The birth of Gunnlaug has been quoted as belonging to the year 988; the present volume places it five years earlier; and the date of his death, too, in 1008 instead of 1015. These are details of minor importance, but in one matter Mr. Magnússon seems to be incorrect on his own showing, since he makes Gunnlaug twenty-three years of age at his death, whereas by the internal evidence of the saga he must

have been twenty-five or twenty-six. The oldest MS. which is known attributes this work to Ari Froði, the great skald to whom we owe the first draft of the *Landnámabók*, and one of the most famous of Icelanders; he died at a great age in 1148, and therefore if this attribution can be relied on, about a century elapsed between the occurrence of the events and their narration. There seems good reason to believe that the persons mentioned really existed, and that the adventures described, in great part, at least, really happened. The chief characters in this saga are mentioned elsewhere—in *Landnámabók*, in the *Egilssaga*, and in the *Edda* of Snorre, for example—and both Gunnlaug and Hrafn (Raven) are mentioned in the list of the most eminent skalds preserved in the Upsala MS. of the younger Edda. Some of the incidents, as for instance that exquisitely humorous one of King Sigtrygg Silkybeard in Dublin, who has never had a song made in his honour before, and who does not know what it would be etiquette to offer Gunnlaug for his, bear a stamp of truth about them, while others may well be the pure creation of the wonderful genius who evolved and arranged them. If that genius was indeed Ari, then Ari ought to be named in honour among the great world-poets.

In "Frithiof" we at once pass into the domain of a more limited and less powerful imagination. Full of strong and lovely passages as it is, it is not put together with an art so masterly as to retain and subdue the memory with the spell of first-rate work. The gift of the author seems to lie in his ability to present certain scenes with intense vividness before the inner eye; he does so notably in describing Ingibjorg's bowers in Baldur's Meads, in the splendid passage about the storm, in the burning of Baldur's temple by Frithiof, the three passages that enthrall the imagination most and satisfy it best. It is considered wholly mythical in character; it seems pretty certain that it was written in Iceland about the year 1300, and no account of its principal *personae* is found in any older saga. Certain critics have maintained that Frithiof was a genuine historical personage, but others and among them more especially P. A. Munch, have strongly contested this view. That historian mentions it as one of the few purely romantic works of the imagination which the early literature of Scandinavia has preserved, and avers that it contains absolute historical and geographical absurdities. Munch's strictures are very minute and stringent; the most important of them are that, at the time that Frithiof is supposed to have lived, no Norse vikings had yet come to Orkney, and so that Frithiof's finding of Angantyr settled as earl in those islands is obviously a myth; and, again, that it is incredible that any kings of Sogn and of Ringerike can have waged war with one another by land or sea; but these arguments have been met by Nyström and other Swedish critics, and the matter remains uncertain.

The story of "Vígland the Fair" is far inferior, in interest and ability, to its two predecessors. With all deference to Mr. Magnússon's learning and Mr. Morris's taste, we feel doubtful whether they were justified in occupying so much time and

space with a saga so late and so poor as this. It has a certain outward resemblance to "Njála," which it palpably imitates in various points, but it is infinitely beneath it in regard of merit. It is one of the *skrík-sögur*, or fabulous sagas, and the very name expresses a kind of scorn of it, as a bastard-growth upon a nobler stock. The "Viglundarsaga" is understood to be inelegant and unclassical in language; its oldest MSS. belong to the fifteenth century, and its date of composition cannot possibly be put earlier than the end of the fourteenth. Passages have been pointed out which prove its author to have been familiar with the "Frithiof," and with another of the *skrík-sögur*, the "Bárðarsaga." The best parts of the work are the passages in verse, which bear marks of an earlier and a far more gifted hand. Vigfússon, whose Copenhagen edition of 1860 remains the standard one, considers the best of the staves to date from the close of the thirteenth century—two hundred years, therefore, before the bulk of the saga. We would take this opportunity of pointing out how especially beautiful are Mr. Morris's versions of these short poems. It seems to us that he has excelled most of all in the "Viglundar;" the staves in the "Gunnlaug" are often so extremely obscure that they hardly present any idea to the mind when literally translated. The determination of the Icelandic poets not to call a spade a spade if there was anything in heaven or earth that it could be called besides, makes their fancy difficult to follow. Here, for instance, is a beautifully worded but very elaborate way of saying that "none but the brave deserve the fair:"—

"He who brand of battle
Beareth over-war,
Never love shall let him
Hold the linen-folded,
For we, when we were younger,
In many a way were playing
On the outward nesses
From golden land outstanding."

Of the remaining three stories the best is that of "Roi the Fool." A certain franklin is so unfortunate that all men call him Roi the Fool, but, after bearing many affronts, he proves himself shrewd enough at last, and baulks his enemies as Shylock was duped. Henceforward he is called Roi the Wise. This is a version of an oriental story, found in the Thousand and One Nights and elsewhere. The story of "Hogni and Hedinn" is amplified from a tale in the treatise of poetic diction called *Skaldskaparmál*, and in an appendix the authors give a version of this earlier original. Finally is added the short saga of "Thorstein Staffsmitten," the son of Thorarin. It is to be hoped that all lovers of literature will turn to these pages, in which Mr. Morris has enshrined the grand legends of our forefathers in the crystal of his pure, simple and idiomatic English.
EDMUND W. GOSSE.

A History of the Weald of Kent. By Robert Furley, F.S.A. Vol. II. (London: J. Russell Smith, 1874.)

THERE has been for some years a good deal of agitation among the antiquaries and historical students of Kent with the object of bringing out a new history of the county.

Hasted deserves the highest praise for his well-known History, on which he spent about forty years of his life and the chief part of his fortune; but the progress of historical knowledge since his day would render it comparatively easy for a successor to correct many errors and supply many imperfections which it was impossible for him to avoid. The present century also has seen many events take place in Kent which are worth recording. It is well known in the county that two distinguished antiquaries collected a large quantity of material from the records of the kingdom and private libraries with this object; but unfortunately neither of them lived to carry out their intentions, and their collections are waiting for some other hand to utilise. Their value must be so great that it will be a serious loss if they are doomed to be put away and forgotten like the note-books of the unfortunate scholar, so feelingly described by George Eliot in her last novel. It is no small boon to have a history of a portion of the county, such as the present book, but it would be better still if this were only an instalment of a larger and more complete work.

We have not seen the first volume, which appeared, we believe, about three years ago. The second takes up the history at the reign of Henry III., and carries it down to the present time. All the events in the annals of our country which specially concern the locality in question are narrated at considerable length, especially the two insurrections of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade. In the former case the author has not been able to clear up the confusion in the usual accounts of the leaders of the rebellion, and seems to think that John Tyler of Dartford, and Wat Tyler of Maidstone were really the same person; while he cannot decide whether John Ball, the priest, or one of the Tylers, was known as Jack Straw. His assumption is that the confusion arises from the ringleaders having had several aliases, which is by no means improbable.

On another point of greater importance Mr. Furley uses his local knowledge to refute Mr. Rogers' theory that the former rebellion was an attempt on the part of the customary tenants to vindicate their right to pecuniary compensation against a threatened invasion of the custom. If this was the true origin of the discontent, our author thinks it strange that Kent should have taken a prominent part in the outbreak, as but little of the land in the county was held by copyhold or customary tenure. It is just on such points as this that a local historian is valuable. His knowledge of detail enables him to correct the generalisations of an historian, even when they seem most reasonable.

From one of the chief features of a county history—long pedigrees of the holders of manors—this book is happily free. Not but what authentic pedigrees are often of the greatest use in historical work, but there is so much looseness in their compilation, and often so many contradictions in descents of the same families derived from different sources, that it is impossible to place much reliance on them in general. Instead of this Mr. Furley has endeavoured to put before his readers a picture, or rather

materials for forming a picture for themselves, of the state of the common people on the Weald in past times. With this end in view, he has printed full abstracts from the Plea Rolls and Hundred Rolls in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., from which may be gleaned curious and graphic particulars of the social state of the inhabitants of the Weald, though, as might be expected, they rather illustrate the worse than the better side of human nature. We find, for instance, accounts of a party of labourers breaking into a beershop and maltreating the proprietors, who had refused to sell them drink; of a fight between some burglars at Ightham and the night watch, an institution which one would hardly have expected to find in such a small place; of men, doubtless drunk, tumbling into marl-pits and being drowned, and other accidents incidental to an agricultural population. Two rather serious cases concern the Church. Of these one was a fight, which ended fatally, between the inhabitants of Tenterden and the proctor of John Maunsel, provost of Beverley, who held the church as one of 700 livings; the other was a contest between the secular and ecclesiastical authorities, in which the latter had very much the best of it. The bailiffs of the king and the archbishop disputed about the right to levy a distress, and the last step in the affair was the cudgelling of the royal bailiff round Maidstone church on three Lord's Days, by order of the official of the archbishop. There are many presentments for encroachments on the highways, and as Hasted tells us that even in his time the roads were atrociously bad, and fifty or sixty feet wide with sward on each side, it is scarcely to be wondered at. In most cases the occupier is allowed to retain what he has appropriated on payment of a fine. The abstracts of these rolls are accurately and carefully done, and are well worth the perusal of all readers resident in the Weald, containing as they do references to most of the towns and villages in the district.

One of the last chapters in the book is devoted to an investigation of the origin of the parish. Mr. Furley examines the chief theories previously proposed, and shows reasons for not accepting them. Blackstone's idea that the parish is identical with the manor, he disproves by his statement that in East Kent only one parish is coextensive with a manor, and that no churches in the Weald except perhaps Hawkhurst, are appendant to manors. Mr. Kemble's theory that the Christian church superseded the pagan temple does not appear satisfactory, as it seems probable that all traces of temples had disappeared long before any ecclesiastical organisation was set on foot. More space is devoted to a refutation of Mr. Toulmin Smith's book on the subject, which was written a few years ago, as Mr. Furley suggests in the interests of the Liberation Society, to disprove the ecclesiastical origin or purpose of the parish, which Mr. Smith believes to be identical with the tithing, a division of the hundred. This is at all events unlikely, as in Kent there are very many parishes whose boundaries do not coincide with either the hundred or the lathe, and were evidently formed irrespectively of

either division. We have not space here to state Mr. Furley's arguments, but his conclusion is that the *borough* was the foundation of our ecclesiastical division, one or more being taken to form a parish. This is not, however, absolutely proved, for there are several instances in the county where boroughs are divided by parishes. Strange to say, also, although Mr. Furley will not allow Mr. Smith to father the parish on the tithing, and advocates the claims of the borough, he distinctly states in another place that "what are termed tithings in other counties are called boroughs in Kent," so that it seems, in spite of all his arguments, that he really agrees with Mr. Smith after all, except in his statement that the tithing is an integral portion of the hundred. The etymology proposed for the word parish is ingenious, but we fear will not find many philologists to accept it:—"The word is derived from *preostscyre*, which signifies the precinct of which one priest had the care—in English priestshire, in Latin *parochia*, in French *paroisse*."

The derivation suggested for the word *hobler*, a light cavalry soldier, is equally unhappy. Mr. Furley states that it is derived from the French *hobiler*, a quilted cassock, a comparatively rare word, while the English *hobby* is in constant use in the middle ages, especially in the sixteenth century, as applied to a small kind of horse, and affords a much more obvious etymology.

It sounds odd to read that the King of England "became head of the Church and defender of the faith," in consequence of the Statutes passed in 1533, when the latter title was conferred on Henry VIII. by the Pope for supporting his authority by his book against Luther, and the former title was assumed as a protest against the same authority. This, however, is no doubt a mere slip of the pen. In his account of the Boleyn family, Mr. Furley has adopted the theory revived by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in his recent book, that Anne Boleyn was older than her sister Mary, mother of Lord Hunsdon, but has made no comments on the subject. The authorities adduced by Mr. Dixon certainly do not bear out his statement, and if Mr. Furley has discovered any new evidence on the subject, it would have been better to have produced it.

C. TRICE MARTIN.

Hopes of the Human Race Hereafter and Here. By Frances Power Cobbe. (London: Williams & Norgate, 1874.)

UNDER the above title, rather too big a one perhaps for the book, Miss F. Power Cobbe has reprinted several theological essays, and introduces them to her readers by a very interesting preface, in which the latest views of Mr. Stuart Mill are considered entirely from a theistical point of view. There is always something to be gained from the writings of this valiant and noble woman. She has inherited the boldness of her master, Theodore Parker, as well as his humanitarian sympathies and rationalistic mysticism, and though less forcibly eloquent than the Boston orator, she is superior to him as regards good taste and that flexibility of

thought which distinguishes her sex. If, as E. Renan believes, the truth really does lie in the shade of colour more than in the colour itself, then this feminine faculty is more necessary for the attainment of truth than the logical inflexibility of the opposite and presumably the stronger sex—provided, of course, that the understanding, by being more ductile, lose none of its force of penetration. Now, such is the rare quality of Miss Cobbe's mind, that she is able to combine masculine penetration of thought with feminine delicacy of sentiment. She is familiar with all the evolutions of contemporary science and philosophy, and unfettered by any traditional *a priori*. Her rare energy in upholding the just and too often unrecognised claims of theism is due to the vivacity as well as the sincerity of her religious feelings. In her case the conjunction of sublime affections and a faith that is full of hope with modern science is a *fait accompli*—one most encouraging for those who will never consent to a complete separation between the two divine sisters. Although I can trace nothing positively new in her endeavours to unite them, and at the same time assign to each a distinct and lawful sphere, there is something original and personal in her view of their respective claims and her manner of defining them. Her reasoning is always straight to the point, and she waives numberless objections that are commonly raised by those who do not as yet understand how to reconcile them. There is much ingenious and novel insight discernible in the details by which glimpses are obtained of the truth which we shall never wholly possess, under its hitherto little explored and even disregarded aspects. As a specimen I would gladly cite the page in which the writer, while speaking of the conceptions we are capable of forming of the divine goodness in relation to man, foresees the difficulties that will be raised on various sides, by taking her stand on our incapacity to determine in any way what does or does not accord with the perfection of the Divine being:—

"Remember, when we are presuming to speak of the awful character of God, it is not our business to enquire what it is *just possible* He may be or do without injustice or cruelty; but what is the very highest, the noblest, the kindest, the most royal and father-like thing we can possibly lift our minds to conceive. . . . It is the nearest we can yet approach the truth."

I recommend this as a principle of a sound and fruitful theology to those who make use of the divine attributes in their deductions as if the Divinity had hidden no secrets from them; and to those, likewise, who under pretext of being incapable of forming any adequate conception whatever of the nature of the Divinity, deny the lawfulness of all statements concerning God.

The volume before us contains three essays, the first on the great question of the "Life after Death;" the second, "Doomed to be Saved," on the universality of that salvation which is reserved by divine goodness for the whole of humanity; while the third, "The Evolution of the Social Sentiment," is a curious history of the development and growth of the feeling of sympathy in the human race. The second is

the least remarkable and the least original. The writer has especially aimed at proving that the assurance of salvation to which we are all destined, under the limitations of the trials each must undergo in order to obtain it, very far from having an evil influence on our moral dispositions, exerts on the contrary a salutary effect on our spiritual nature, and supports us in our struggles after righteousness. Moreover, we are told (and this is very striking), that as the unhappy individuals who had, as they imagined, sold their souls to the devil and were therefore, they believed, irreclaimably his, sank through their despair into the lowest depths of vice and crime; so the theist of our day who feels that he is destined to righteousness, to salvation, and to eternal communion with God, reaps from this precious certainty continual encouragement and the best inducement to rise again after having fallen, to persevere when he has once had strength to resist evil. It is, in point of fact—the authoress will not deny the truth of this observation—a transformation, as far as the making it universal is regarded, of the cherished thesis of ancient Calvinism, namely, the "*persévérance des élus*," or "*l'inamissibilité de la grâce*." How often it is sufficient to strip Calvinism of its scholastic jargon, its Canaanish dialect (without for that reason giving up its essential tenets), to find that it is embodied, though under a changed aspect, in the most philosophical and religious form of modern thought! This essay, which is in itself little else than an edifying sermon, yet contains useful lessons for many worthy Christians who would think they were lost if everlasting punishment were to disappear from their view.

With the essay called "The Life after Death," which is divided into two parts, the case is different, although the one part is very preferable to the other—the first, namely, in which the writer has indicated the reasons on which, even on the ground held by modern scientific thought, the assertion of a future life may be based. The second treats of questions bearing on the same subject, very interesting questions undoubtedly, such as the immortality of the understanding, of the memory, of the aesthetic perception, of the affections, and the earthly ties that love has formed, &c.; but it offers us nothing but vague conjectures, which are necessarily the fruit of the imagination rather than of logical argument. For the answer to all these questions the authoress should simply have referred us to the fundamental principle of the first part, *Faith, Trust in God*, "*L'Eternel y pourvoira*." It is the only reasonable and at the same time religious answer to the questionings with which our souls are beset when we attempt to face the great mystery of the life beyond. And we may add to this the comforting experience that time has taught us, namely, that in all cases in which man has attained any positive knowledge of the works of God, he has invariably discovered them to be a hundred times more beautiful in reality than his dreams had pictured them.

The question which forms the subject of the first part is the main question and throws all the others into the shade. May we, are

we to hope for a life consequent on the dissolution of our earthly organism? Not to know that this is a problem that has grown to be more serious and formidable now than ever, is to have remained completely ignorant of the progress of modern science and philosophy. The writer is, I consider, perfectly justified in asserting that with the disappearance of faith in a future life, the moral level of human society must necessarily sink. Religion loses its infinite charm. God is the Master still, but no longer the Father. To the individual, good and evil are no more of the same paramount importance. Life, as soon as we have passed its noonday, resembles a garden in autumn, where there is neither sowing nor weeding: why should there be, since the winter is coming in which nothing can grow, neither flowers or weeds? The most virtuous must be ready to give up their virtue, which is perishable like all their other possessions; those who love God most truly must be prepared soon to love Him no longer. Yes indeed, this question will shortly become "the battle-ground for one of the most decisive struggles in the history of the mental progress of our race."

On the other hand it must be admitted that as modern thought cannot rest any longer, as it did of old, on supernatural revelations, it finds itself cast adrift when it examines into the classical arguments on which in former times rational theology and spiritualist philosophy pretended to found belief in a future life. Accustomed, henceforward, to base all its assertions on observation and experience, it finds itself face to face with a subject that obtrudes itself on its notice, but to which the inductive method cannot be applied. Will it be said that the natural sciences, physiology more especially, condemn this grand belief? No; at least those who maintain that they do, give them a tongue which they never possessed. The real truth is, that it is a point on which they remain absolutely silent. We notice only that in their onward march they reveal to us more and more of the majesty of what a learned writer has called "*les infinies possibilités de la nature*." In return, whoever has within himself a living sense of God as of a Being supremely good, faithful and just, finds that his faith fully counterbalances all the doubts which the gloomy silence of natural science might suggest to him. In the main, all the usual arguments lead to the encouragement of that trust that the human race will not be deceived, that in human destiny justice will have the final word, that the man who dies for the cause of truth or charity will triumph over him who saves his mortal life by falsehood or egotism. It is the *moral argument* which gives all the other arguments their value. Do not let us regret the absence of scientific certainty. The mental chaos in which, in our day, those who fancy that they possess tangible proofs of the life beyond the grave are engulfed, proves that none but moral proofs are concordant with our true nature. The life present claims its own just worth, it would be cancelled by palpable evidence of the life to come. By virtue of the moral argument we may say that faith in a just, wise and loving God indicates to us by different but

converging lines a future life as the necessary postulate.

The following are the seven principal lines:—1. Justice cannot be vanquished, man is incapable of admitting her final defeat. The Buddhist who lives without faith in God is not living without faith in justice, and among the most ridiculous errors of the day a foremost place must be assigned to the theory which attributes our sense of supreme justice to a "set of brain" which we have inherited from the experience of preceding generations, as if our forefathers had witnessed more often than we have the steady triumph of justice on the earth. Will it be said that the ways of justice on the earth are unknown ways? The instances of the triumph of tyranny, the deaths of the martyrs, &c., do not admit such a supposition. 2. The designs of Providence as regards man—whatever they are taken to be, either the possession of happiness or his moral perfection—fall short of their accomplishment under the conditions of an earthly existence. 3. The body can grow to its full stature, the soul never can. 4. Our human affections, the noblest, the purest, the most tender, are poisoned if they are linked to the sense of their being ephemeral. 5. The creatures whom God loves are for that very reason, in so far as they are objects of the divine love, imperishable (argument of Mr. Newman). 6. Humanity has always had, in the whole course of its historical development, the instinct, or rather a presentiment, more or less obscure, of its immortal destiny. Finally, 7. Our religious weakness has a right to appeal to the testimony of souls that have been closely and exceptionally knit to God, and with whom immortality was an intuitive evidence. "Faith in God and in our eternal union with Him are not two dogmas, but one."

These, according to the author, are the seven great indications of a future life; they are like the first notes of a melody, the continuation of which is lost in a region whence it cannot reach our ears. As I generally share Miss Cobbe's opinion on these various points, I can only recommend her views to the reader's careful study; they are clearly and methodically stated and show great prescience of the possible and probable objections that may suggest themselves, as all those who have seriously reflected on the famous question *to be or not to be* cannot fail to acknowledge. It will be enough to point out an apparent lacuna. Why has the authoress not given due weight to the special argument that may be deduced from the act of "death from devotion," that highest of all moral acts? Whenever it finds its accomplishment, we see two sovereign laws in direct contradiction—one which has dominion over every living creature and makes "self-preservation" the first impulse, and the other which governs the moral being and demands *casu quo* the sacrifice of his mortal life. This is an antithesis, and one of which the synthesis is to be found nowhere but in an order of things in which "he who loses his life shall find it."

The last essay, though not so important as regards the subject, is nevertheless very interesting, beside being probably the newest and the most original of the

three. It goes to prove, in a clever and intelligent manner, that the feeling of *sympathy* which occupies so great a place in these days, both in public and private life, is not far from being a new feeling; that it is a transformation of other and very different feelings which long held undivided sway, and of which more than one vestige still exists in the present day. When human societies were in their infancy, the sight of the sufferings or the enjoyment of others provoked anger and annoyance, rather than pity and good will.

Man in his primitive state, like many kinds of animals, used to kill his fellow-creatures when they grew old, or were sick or maimed; a practice common still among more than one savage tribe. The ancient historians tell us of customs of this kind as existing, even in their own time, in certain remote corners of Europe. The total absence of the sympathetic faculty, at least its extreme weakness, is at the bottom of all the barbarous customs which are still in force in China, of the perfect indifference society in its ancient form shows for the poor and the infirm, of the taste the Romans had for combats of gladiators and cruel forms of punishment; of the aversion so many men, even in these days, have from misery and suffering of all kinds; of the cruelty to women, children, and animals, so frequent among the lower classes, &c.

The author tries with all the acuteness of a subtle* and observant mind to discover in our habits and prejudices the vestiges of the ancient heteropathy, and is probably not mistaken in indicating the mother's love for her weak wailing offspring as the sacred source whence the sympathetic faculty arose, to extend successively to the father, the family, the tribe, the nation, and finally to the whole of humanity. We, as yet, see but the dawn of the changes this faculty will work as it expands in social life, but may fearlessly predict that its influence on the future of the human race will be no less beneficial than productive in its results.

ALBERT RÉVILLE.

* Too subtle, sometimes; and I would recommend this clever and enthusiastic seeker after truth to be ware of a propensity she shows to give far-fetched explanations for very simple things which have in reality much more immediate causes—to do, in fact, what in French is called "*chercher midi à quatorze heures*." For instance, who could help smiling on reading, p. 175, that "the immense success of insurance offices in France is attributed to the value of their *plagues* placed prominently on a house as a protection against malicious arson"? Who could have told Miss Cobbe such a tremendous . . . *blague* about these *plagues*? They are put up in a "prominent place," simply as a means of advertisement, by the insurance companies. And directly afterwards, we read—"In Normandy, of very recent years, the inhabitants of several districts have adopted the use of tiles (slates, more correctly speaking), instead of thatch, avowedly to save themselves from the danger arising from the envy of neighbours and relatives" (!) Pardon me, the Norman peasants—and you may credit one who is a Norman himself and lives in the midst of them—are neither such incendiaries nor such bad neighbours, nor such poets as that would imply. They are substituting the more costly tile or slate for the ancient thatch roof now because they have grown richer, and because from the manner in which their farms are organised the thatch roof is a constant danger in cases of unintentional fire. We should be careful not to try to prove too much; the wisdom of old said that it came to the same thing as proving nothing at all.

HISTORY OF EASTERN CIVILISATION UNDER THE
KHALIFES.

Culturgeschichte des Orients unter den Khalifen. Von Alfred von Kremer. Bd. I. (Vienna: Braumüller, 1875.)

THE author of *The Leading Ideas of Islam** will not suffer in reputation by his new work. The history of the civilisation of the Mohammadan East during the rule of the Khalifehs is a most fertile subject—so much so that it is matter for wonder that it has not already been thoroughly explored—and Herr von Kremer has done a good work in making some portion of it known to European readers. When we learn that more than a thousand years ago a Mohammadan philosopher laid down the proposition that “the first pre-condition of knowledge is doubt;” and when we are told that in the jurist schools of Baghdad it was debated whether the life of a slave or of an unbeliever was not worth as much as the life of a freeman or a Muslim, whether a woman could hold the office of judge, and suchlike questions, we need not ask whether the civilisation that showed itself in thoughts such as these is worth investigating. But were the pitch of civilisation less high it would still have been historically of the greatest importance to study the system of government and the military and financial organisation employed by that power which, in half a century, from possessing a corner of Arabia, came to spread from the Indus to the Atlantic, and from the Black Sea to Aethiopia.

It is the province of a history of civilisation as much to describe the formation and organisation of the State, as the manners and customs, the literature and modes of thought, of the people. Accordingly, Herr von Kremer has divided his work into two parts: the first, dealing with the political and judicial civilisation of the Mohammadan East during the rule of the Khalifehs; and the second, yet to be published, treating of the religion, the culture, and the social condition of the period.

Passing over the first chapter, which is an interesting, though somewhat diffuse sketch of the characteristics of the Khalifeh's office when held by the first four or “orthodox” Khalifehs, showing the essentially religious nature of the office and the absence at that time of any notion of its hereditary right, we come to a very interesting part of the book, headed “The Town-Life” (*das städtische Leben*). In it we obtain a most charming glimpse of the daily life of the busy merchant-city of Mekkeh in preislamic times, with its caravans bringing the silks and woven stuffs of Syria, and the far-famed damask, and carrying away the sweet-smelling produce of Arabia, frankincense, cinnamon, sandalwood, aloe, and myrrh; its assemblies of merchant chiefs on “Change,” near the Kaabeh; and, again, its young poets, running over with sonnets and chivalry; its Greek and Persian slave-girls brightening the luxurious banquet with their native songs, when as yet there was no Arab school of music, and the monotonous

but not unmelodious chant of the camel-driver was the national song of Arabia; its club, where busy men spent their idle hours, and idle men what should be their busy ones, in playing chess and draughts, or in gossiping with their acquaintance. The passion for poetry and music among the Arabs at that time is well illustrated by the numerous stories of poets and singers abounding in this chapter. One of these is worth quoting. A certain stonemason named Hudali had a wonderful gift of singing. When he was at his work, the young men of the city used to importune him and make him presents of money and food to induce him to sing. He would then make a stipulation that they should first help him in his work; and forthwith they would strip off their kaftans, and the stones would gather round him rapidly. Then he would mount a rock and begin to sing, while the whole hill was coloured red and yellow with the variegated garments of his audience. Singers were then held in the highest admiration, and the greatest chiefs used to pay their court to ladies of the musical profession. One of them used to give receptions, open to the whole city, in which she would appear in great state, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting, each dressed magnificently and wearing an elegant artificial chignon. This honourable condition of the preislamic musicians contrasts unfavourably with their later state. In the check he put upon music, as in most of his dealings with the fine arts, Mohammad made a mistake. For, although in pagan times there was a shady side to the musical enthusiasm, and it was not all singers who were honourable, the Muslim suppression of the art only brought that shady side into prominence, and nearly obliterated what was high and noble in it. An art that is made illicit and is held of ill reputation is sure to bear out its enforced character.

The third chapter deals with the administration under the four “orthodox” Khalifehs. On the question of finance we find that the sources of income (beside the very important one of war-spoils) were chiefly the *zekah*, or prescribed alms, which was levied on all Muslims but the very poor, and consisted of a certain proportion (generally about 2½ per cent.) of their camels, sheep, money, produce of land, etc., and which went to pay the army, to provide the salary of the officers who superintended the levying of the tax, and to support the poor; and, secondly, the poll-tax, levied on male adult unbelievers, amounting to about 40 francs* a-year from the rich, 20 from the middle class, and 10 from the poor. The most curious feature of the administration was the annual distribution of the balance in the State treasury to the faithful, in fixed proportions. Omar had a careful census taken of the whole body of Muslims, and every addition or decrease caused by birth or death was duly registered from time to time. The distribution of the treasure began with the prophet's family. His favourite wife, Aisheh, received 12,000 frs. a-year, the other widows 10,000; each of the Helpers (Ansār) and Exiles (Muhājirūn)

who had fought at the battle of Bedr, 5,000; and the Khalifeh himself received the same sum. So the distribution went on till it came down to 300 francs a year given to certain ordinary men of the Yemen. Women who had left Mekkeh for Medineh after Mohammad's flight had 6,000 a year; children at the breast 100, increasing to 200 and further as they grew; and foundlings were similarly brought up at the State expense.

The effect of this unparalleled system of finance in consolidating the nation and uniting it with one centre—the State—is obvious. The same chapter contains a very valuable account of the war-department—the tactics in battle, the arms, officering and marshalling of the early Muslim armies, and the practice of establishing garrisons and military depôts in a large number of the principal cities of conquered countries.

“Damascus and the Court of the Omeiyades,” as the next chapter is headed, seems to have been introduced chiefly with a view to the picturesque. The German language, however, except in the hands of a chosen few, does not lend itself readily to the description of scenery, and we must vote Herr von Kremer's account of Damascus, its country, its houses, its inhabitants, and its intrigues between high-born ladies and enthusiastic poet-lovers, a little tiresome.

Chapter V., “The Formation of the State,” is a sort of constitutional history of the rule of the Amawi (Omeyyade), and Abbāsi Khalifehs, abounding in important information concerning the division of the empire into provinces, the duties of the various divans, or departments, in the head administration, and of the various ministers and officials. The account of the postal communication is excessively curious and unexpected. It appears that there were lines of couriers between all the more important cities of the empire and the capital; and stations at intervals for changes of horses. The number of these stations in the entire empire amounted at one time to nearly a thousand; and in early times the annual cost of maintaining the horses and paying the postboys in the single province of Irāk came to what was equivalent to four million francs. The speed of the post left nothing (except perhaps railways) to be desired, for we read that a courier travelled 750 English miles in three days. The pigeon-post was also used.

We are not able to do more than refer to the remaining chapters, VI. and VII. (“Das Kriegswesen” and “Die Finanzen”), two of the most important in the book; VIII. (“Der Organismus des Staates”) equally valuable; and the last, on the Mohammadan Law (IX. “Das Recht”), which, after an account of the formation of law among the Muslims and of the principal judicial schools and their founders, proceeds to give a brief summary of Hanafi law. At the end of this chapter the author seeks to trace the origin of the Mohammadan code, and among other points he shows the improvements Mohammad effected in the existing systems of law in Arabia as concerned marriage, slavery, and the blood-revenge, etc.: a part of the work which will be specially prized by those who reverence the memory of the great Arabian

* *Geschichte der herrschenden Ideen des Islams.* A. von Kremer. (Leipzig, 1868.)

* Counting the dirhem at about equal to the franc, weight for weight, without reference to the fluctuating exchange value of silver.

Prophet and believe in the good influence he has exerted on the East.

One word of criticism before we end. It were much to be desired that Herr von Kremer would give us more authority for his statements, many of which are so startling as to require the fullest proof before they can be accepted as facts. We do not question his accuracy, but we should be glad if he would substantiate each statement by a reference to the original authorities from which it was derived. In a second edition the work might also very well be improved by a more perspicuous arrangement, and by being made considerably less prolix.

The gratitude, not only of Orientalists, but of students of history and of what Mr. Freeman calls the new-born science of Comparative Politics, is due to Herr Alfred von Kremer for one of the most important contributions to our knowledge of the East that has for a long time been made. To Orientalists it will be "a thousand years" until the second volume is completed.

STANLEY LANE POOLE.

TRAVELLING IN NORWAY.

Norway: Illustrated Handbook for Travellers. Edited by Chr. Tonsberg. With 134 Engravings on Wood, and 17 Maps. (Christiania: Chr. Tonsberg, Publisher. London: Trübner & Co., 1875.)

The Vade Mecum, or A B C Guide to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. By Ttenrub Elohta. With Map and Illustrations. (London: Provost & Co., 1875.)

THE popularity of Norway as a place for summer resort has so much increased within the last few years that any information respecting that country is a matter of interest to an infinitely greater number of people than it was fifteen or even ten years ago. A very complete illustrated handbook for travellers in Norway has been published by Mr. C. Tonsberg, of Christiania, which can be obtained at Messrs. Trübner's, of Ludgate Hill. It is about the size of a Continental Bradshaw, and contains nearly 600 closely printed pages of valuable information, together with a series of clearly executed maps of various routes; while some idea may be formed of its exhaustive character from the fact of the index containing upwards of 1,200 names of places to which reference is made. In addition to this the preface contains an account of the geology and natural history of the country, the national character of its inhabitants, statistics of commerce, &c., together with suggestions for tours, and useful information regarding equipment and other matters which add to the traveller's comfort. The scenery of Norway varies a good deal in different parts; though mountains abound all over the country, those in the south do not attain a great altitude, while there is more of a woodland character in the landscapes, and more verdure, especially as the foliage of the larch is blended with that of the fir. The finest scenery lies undoubtedly in the fiords and their neighbourhood on the north and west coasts, such as the Sogne and Hardanger fiords and the Romsdal valley up to Dom-

baas, where the snow-capped hills and the cliffs and waterfalls are extremely grand. The mountainous parts of the interior are rather disappointing where they consist of vast tracts of dreary heath with no sign of life save a few hoodie crows and magpies, while the height that the traveller has to ascend takes off very much from the apparent altitude of the mountains. The very best and most comfortable way of seeing the fiords and western coast of Norway is in a steam yacht, landing here and there, and making short excursions up the country. All trouble about hotels is avoided; and the grandeur of the cliffs and mountains is much enhanced when seen from the water. A sailing vessel is of little use unless where there is unlimited time, and even then it is a precarious mode of locomotion, owing to the prevalence of long calms in the summer and the chances of contrary winds. There are, however, convenient lines of country steamers which run all round the coast, and up and down the fiords, stopping at the different stations. The greater part of their course is in smooth water, owing to the landlocked nature of the fiords and the belt of reefs and rocky islands which surround nearly the whole of the western coast and act as a natural breakwater. Carriage travelling, though pleasant enough at first and for a day or two, when pursued for hour after hour for several days in a springless vehicle is apt to become very monotonous and tiring. It is impossible for a traveller to see the whole of Norway in one season, and many people visit the country year after year apparently with increasing pleasure. Those who wish merely to pay a flying visit will find Mr. Burnett's little book of use, but as he compresses Denmark and Sweden as well as Norway into the short space of 90 pages, the information though good is not very extensive; he has, however, added 160 pages of vocabulary and advertisements, which it is to be hoped may be of service. There is, apparently, some confusion in his account, in the preface, of the season allowed by law for shooting, as he places it in the breeding time of the different birds which he enumerates.

A. J. CROSBY.

NEW NOVELS.

The Boudoir Cabal. By the Author of "The Member for Paris." (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.)

The High Mills. By Katharine Saunders. (London: H. S. King & Co., 1875.)

"Comin' thro' the Rye." (London: R. Bentley & Son, 1875.)

Jean. By Mrs. Newman. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.)

A Garden of Women. By Sarah Tytler. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.)

THE fashion of novels seems to change almost in the same way that dress changes. One season will devote itself to colonial life, another to continental life, a third to mistaken identity, a fourth to the ideal and ill-used governess, a fifth to the beautiful fiend, and so on. We seem lately to have taken to the newspaper novel which is about equally divided between politics and the money-market, with occasional police

intelligence and breach of promise cases to make it palatable to the lowest tastes.

The Boudoir Cabal is full of "the weary ways of earth and men." The trials and temptations of the very highest circles form the subject-matter of the three volumes. Lord Mayrose the hero is one of those beautiful and gifted beings who chiefly exist in books like *Lothair*. He begins life with 5,000*l.* a year, and after many vicissitudes ends with 25,000*l.* In the course of a year or two of Parliamentary life, he becomes a Cabinet Minister, rejects an earldom, marries the daughter of a millionaire, refuses to commit the Government to a speculative loan for his own private interests, gets into unhappiness and out of it, goes through many difficult and compromising circumstances, and at last saves the life of his greatest enemy from a raging lunatic in what is called by the author "a palpitating scene." But we cannot help thinking that his conduct towards Lady Azalea Carol, when he makes up his mind to cure her of her love for himself after he is married, by means of an affectionate correspondence and a series of clandestine meetings in a summer-house, is at least open to question, though we are informed it was all done with the highest motives—at any rate it does not warrant him in his violent treatment of Grace Marvell when she finds him out. Sir Ham and Lady Pennywon, the "nouveaux riches," are exaggerated characters, though the author treats them with a certain amount of respect and kindness because they represent the class of people who buy novels at 3*l.* 6*d.* Their daughter Mary, and a quaint secretary called Quilpin Leech, are the only people who inspire us with any admiration, and we feel that Mary is much too good for Mayrose, who looks down upon her, and Quilpin Leech is too good for Grace Marvell. In real life we do not think that she would have married him, or that he would have wished it.

The book will probably be read, for it contains some smart writing, a sensational plot, much political allusion, club gossip, and fashionable scandal.

Several of the characters seem to be portraits from the life, and we think are not always drawn in the best taste; but that is a matter of opinion. But to set against what is amusing we have such passages as the following:—

"It was like the room of a royal palace. There was no gas, but six wax candles of pearly whiteness, set in branches jutting from oval mirrors, bathed the blue furniture in a light beautifully clear. On the round table in the centre of the room stood a small, exquisitely chased silver urn and a tea-service of porcelain, so transparent as to be like pink shells. These preparations for tea removed all melodramatic glamour from the room, &c."

And in another place we read that "Mayrose glanced in from the threshold, and his eye fell on the portraits of his ancestors. They were standing motionless in their frames!"—we are not told what they ought to have been doing—"so motionless that they seemed to be like an army saluting him."

From the strength and pathos of the former short stories by Katharine Saunders, we had expected something better than *The High Mills* in a longer book. It is in-

teresting and in parts well-written, but it is too much at high pressure. Life does not consist entirely of violent emotions, and a miller's man even with homicide on his mind would not be always striking attitudes. The scenery of the story is very picturesque. A windmill plays the principal part in it, and the old miller and his wife (always watching for the return of the son who has deserted them to be an artist in London) are pathetic and suit the scene. The story commences with the arrival of a mysterious stranger, who works for them night and day under the pressure of some terrible secret. He falls in love with Nora, a beautiful girl in the neighbourhood, who is betrothed to the miller's absent son. The arrival of a blind beggar, with a blind granddaughter, who are in some mysterious way connected with his secret, throws Michael, the miller's man, into great anxiety; and in passing it may be noticed that the blind beggar Bardsley is the most original and amusing character in the book, as, for instance, when he tells Polly, his granddaughter, who is half idiotic:—

"I'm well aware as you're not strong, and can't reckon on your mind in the right place and the right time, and it ain't for my sake but your own hintirely as I could wish for you to break off this sort o' childish way you has of roaring out over a bit of trouble, which as I've told you often is a thing as we're all born to, and as runs in your own family most pecticklerly."

At the end of the second volume the secret comes out, and the third shows the consequences of it, which are not so very fearful after all. There are very few characters in the book, and if the emotional and descriptive parts had been restrained, the plot, with the exception of the end, which we think is an anti-climax, would have entitled the book to a high place among the fictions of the day; but we cannot feel the reality of a miller's man of whom it is written "that with eyes closed in rapture, Michael erected himself, turned his dark face skywards, and laughed." Or again, when he hears a skylark that "starts up out of the silence and languor, like a sudden sweet deed from a stagnant life, he looked up and laughed, and muttered, while his worn upturned eyes danced in light, 'Well said, little silver-pipe, I believe you too.' What was said and what believed in lay between Michael and the speck growing more and more minute against the blanched blue of the evening sky." And this fine writing turns to bathos occasionally, as when "those tiny dents" on the grey-walled church are accounted for "as if through Time having let so many of his baby years cut their teeth on it;" or again, when Michael "looks out of the window in the early morning, pushes back his cap, and throws upward, as if straight into God's eyes, a smile of irrepressible, lowly, but full-hearted congratulation." There is plenty of imaginative power in Miss Saunders' writing, and an abundant gift of words; but her style needs pruning and dramatic force, the force which will faithfully represent, not what a person's feelings and actions would be under certain circumstances if that person's mind were regulated by Miss Saunders' will, but what he would really think and do if left to himself.

We have traces of an inspiration derived from Miss Broughton in *Comin' thro' the Rye*. It is written with an ease and lightness which make it readable, though it condescends every now and then to vulgarity, and also to such words as "unhungry," "boughten," &c. Its hero "looks deep into the heroine's laughing face with his brown, brown eyes, that are self-willed and strong and tender at one and the same time;" and it quotes poetry and quotes it wrong, as in Shakspeare's lines where it speaks about

"Pale primroses

That die unarmoured,"

when it should be "unmarried;" and in Jean Ingelow's song "When sparrows build," where our author quotes with great approbation a line about

"The faded bents o'erhead,"

totally oblivious of what "bents" are, or that the word in the original is "o'erspread," which makes sense, while her quotation is nonsense. The book conveys the impression of being written very rapidly, and somewhat recklessly, and it rattles on cheerily through all difficulties. The heroine is one of a very large family, who have a disagreeable father, styled "the governor" all through the story. She has, of course, two lovers—one good and sensible and devoted to her, and him of "the brown, brown eyes" whom she prefers. The latter, who has the remarkably ugly name of Paul Vasher, has broken off a foolish engagement, and engages himself to our heroine Nelly, whom he sees "comin' thro' the rye" with a crown of poppies on her head; but very unforeseen circumstances arise, through the wickedness of his first love, who puts Nelly's marriage to somebody else into the paper, and in ten days (an incredibly short space of time for all that happens in them) these two happy lives are blighted. At the end we hear of Paul Vasher in heaven, expecting to see Nelly "comin' thro' the rye, God's rye." What is the meaning of "God's rye," with which the book closes emphatically, we cannot tell; it reminds us irresistibly of C. S. C.'s line, "We thrid God's cowslips as erst His heather," and we wonder that the author's own sense of humour, which is evidently strong, did not make her think of the same thing.

Mrs. Newman's Jean is the most gushing, unpractical, and foolish young person that ever took upon herself the duties of companion or governess. She is always "blushing rosy red" and shedding "delicious tears." She talks about "a tiny little" of things, she throws her arms round the neck of the nearest housemaid whenever her feelings are too much for her; for a considerable time she keeps a will hidden which would make her wealthy while she nearly starves, and draws a good woman who is kind to her into difficulties on her behalf. Her death is put into the newspaper when she is not dead, and she becomes companion to her own mother without ever knowing it. These indications of the plot will be quite sufficient to make people sure that there is plenty of incident in the book, and some people like a gushing heroine.

The Garden of Women, by Sarah Tytler, is a charming volume of stories, mostly reprints from *Fraser* and the *Cornhill Magazine*.

The stories are told with a graphic sprightliness and a grace and delicacy of touch that make them Miss Tytler's *specialité*. The little plots are so clear and well-balanced, the sketches of character, however slight, are all so thoroughly defined, that none of them are uninteresting. We like "Rue" (Keeping Faith) one of the best, and well remember the charm it had for many readers when it appeared not very long ago in the *Cornhill*; but the "Lent Lily" (Rae Gifford) and the "Sprig of Heather" and "Sweet Pea" are almost as delightful in their own way.

F. M. OWEN.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE new Aldine edition of *Campbell's Poetical Works* (George Bell & Sons) will suggest anew for the consideration of poetical students one of the most curious of poetical anomalies. For mere and pure "bloodstirringness" Campbell's three great martial lyrics probably stand alone—or if not alone, in the company only of *Brave Lord Willoughby*, of Drayton's *Agincourt*, and of the *Schwertlied*. On the other hand, the languid admiration with which one endeavours to read the remainder of his poems—numerous as are the lines which have somehow commended themselves to the general memory—is perhaps not the most desirable crown for a poet. Mr. Allingham has written a biographico-critical introduction for this volume—which introduction we would praise, if we could. Mr. Allingham's style appears to us to be that of a man who has endeavoured to achieve a manner of his own, and has succeeded in producing a by no means lovely patchwork. Neither are his critical deliverances happy. The mermaid in the "Battle of the Baltic"—upon whom Mr. Allingham has committed an aggravated assault—is surely a harmless personage with some peculiar local propriety. The verdict on "Lochiel," that "there is a superabundance of blood in the picture," shows a strange critical insensibility. The poem is a *vision*—and the suffusion of the hue of blood over everything is one of its most characteristic features. But it is easy to skip Mr. Allingham's preface, and then we have in the book a full, convenient, and satisfactory edition of a poet whose position is generally easy to feel, however specifically difficult it may be to determine.

Gleanings for the Curious. Collated by C. C. Bombough, A.M., M.D. (Low & Co.) If Dr. Bombough by means of the quotation from Ruth which stands on his title-page leads any of the curious to expect an "ephah" of good corn from his book, he will not, it may safely be said, leave them long in that expectation. Like Ruth he has gleaned diligently, but unlike her he seems to have quite forgotten to beat out that he has gleaned. Beginning with a chapter on "Alphabetical Whims," Dr. Bombough treats us in the course of the volume to copious illustrations of all kinds of eccentric verse, churchyard literature, epigrams, puzzles, fancies of fact, historical memoranda, &c., winding up with a few odds and ends strung together under the conveniently vague title of "Life and Death." In such a large and heterogeneous collection there must of course be a great deal to interest and amuse, but Dr. Bombough seems to forget that many things which might suit the "Varieties Column" of a provincial newspaper are simply astounding in a book which purports "At one time to rescue from oblivion fugitive thoughts which the world should not willingly let die," at another to restore to sunlight germs which have been too long "underkept and down supprest." The book seems American, and it is a little unfamiliar for us to have names of towns which occur both in England and America marked with the enclitic "Eng."

CANON SWAINSON in *The Parliamentary History*

of the Act of Uniformity (Murray), has given in great detail an account of the proceedings of Convocation and of the two Houses of Parliament in the revision of the Prayer Book and the production of this important statute. This is founded on the memoranda recently discovered in the House of Lords, which enable us to trace day by day the alterations made in the Bill in the course of discussion. The Bill is printed as it left the Lords, and special type is used to indicate the changes made by the Commons. By this means, with the help of Canon Swainson's elucidatory remarks, a clear insight is given into the aims and temper of the various bodies whose concurrence was necessary, which will be of the utmost use to the historian even when the special circumstances which are just now drawing attention to the Act shall have passed away.

WITHIN a year two works have been published concerning the history and historiography of a city which, after Rome, has hardly any equal. Paul Scheffer-Boichorst's *Florentiner Studien* contains a series of critical dissertations on the forged chronicles known hitherto by the names of Malespini and Dino Compagni, and on such other sources as were chiefly used by Giovanni Villani for compiling the history of Florence during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. On the other hand, the *Istoria della Repubblica di Firenze*, by the celebrated Marchese Gino Capponi, will be welcomed by the scholars of all cultivated nations. In spite of two such historians, however, there is still room for another fellow-worker. Documents only referred to by Scheffer-Boichorst are printed for the first time, and the earliest history of the city, hardly touched by Gino Capponi, since he starts only from the middle of the thirteenth century, is most conscientiously elucidated in Dr. Otto Hartwig's *Quellen und Forschungen zur ältesten Geschichte der Stadt Florenz* (Erster Theil, Marburg, 1875), quarto (xliii, 95). This gentleman, already favourably known by his books and treatises on the history, antiquities, art, and literature of Sicily, has lately turned his attention to Central Italy. After considerable labours, he communicates the results of his researches in the archives and libraries of Florence, Lucca, and Siena, in which he has been most liberally supported by the assistance of certain well-known local historians.

The first instalment of Dr. Hartwig's work, which will soon be followed by a second and concluding part, begins with a critical text of the *Gesta Florentinorum* from the only extant manuscript which was never printed before, and which in fact appears to be the earliest production of Florentine historiography of which the author is known. The editor discusses in an elaborate introduction whatever is to be gathered about the person and the time of the *Index Sanzanome*, whose narrative stops short in the middle of a sentence referring to the year 1231. He draws his conclusions with regard to the relative value of a chronicle which, though its opening lines are fragmentary, begins with the days of Cicero and Julius Caesar.

The second work, printed likewise for the first time, seems to have been known in the fourteenth century by the title of *Chronica de origine civitatis Florentinae*. Its text is taken from a Florence manuscript, to which are added in collateral columns, for purposes of comparison, a version in the Trecento language from a manuscript at Lucca, as well as a reprint of the *Libro Fiesolano*. It is this Florentine chronicle in which occur the very nursery tales told by the women of Florence to their children according to Cacciaguida, *Paradiso*, xv. 123:—

"Favoleggiava con la sua famiglia
De' Troiani e di Fiesole e di Roma."

The student will find again in the learned introduction a string of valuable remarks on the legendary, or rather prehistoric, antecedents of the city, whose inhabitants in Dante's time were not

satisfied with an origin so late as Caesar and Octavianus.

The third and last item in the present publication is a dissertation by Dr. Hartwig himself on Florence, from its foundation about 190 B.C. to the beginning of the twelfth century. The author shows how the city was re-founded by Augustus, who named her Julia Augusta Florentia, and how she had in later times a very chequered destiny, though the story of her destruction by Totila (*alias* Attila), and her rebuilding by Charles the Great, is doubtless legendary. Moreover, Dr. Hartwig is able to trace the original square of the Roman walls in connexion and comparison with the later mediaeval circumvallation, both from diggings at the spot and from some very curious notices occurring in these early chronicles. The description of the politico-ecclesiastical events, which shook Florence as the residence of the great Countess Mathildis to the very bottom in the days of Pope Gregory VII. and the Emperor Henry IV., is well worth a careful perusal.

The second portion of this interesting work, which is nearly ready for press, is to contain extensive commentaries on the earliest annals, a complete list of the Consuls and Podestas, a dissertation on the so-called *Chronicon Brunetti Latini*, and a reconstruction of the annalistic *Gesta Florentinorum*, from which Villani and other historians of Florence derive nearly all their knowledge down to the year 1308.

DR. WYLIE, in *The History of Protestantism* (Cassell, Petter, & Galpin)—now being issued in parts, and widely advertised as "a new and important work which all who are interested in promoting a true Protestant feeling throughout the land" are earnestly besought to circulate—represents the Albigenses to his uneducated readers as a primitive Church, holding pure doctrines, which suffered persecution for justice' sake, and surrendered a noble army of martyrs to witness with their blood "against the corruptions of the Church of Rome." As the ACADEMY finds its way to the drawing-room as well as the library, it would scarcely be prudent to attempt here any elucidation of so unsavoury a subject as that of the doctrines held and the practices adopted by the Albigenses. It is enough to say that the curious in such matters will find a very full, and, at the same time, a very impartial account of the mediaeval sects generally, in the Protestant Hahn (*Geschichte der Ketzer*, vol. i., Stuttgart, 1845), whose statements are fortified in every instance by copious references—a method of compiling ecclesiastical history which we would venture to recommend to the attention of the Rev. Dr. Wylie.

Geschichte der Christlich-Lateinischen Literatur. Von A. Ebert. (Leipzig: Vogel.) Ebert is known already by several interesting monographs upon the apologists and upon the Christian poets; and as both these subjects are exhaustible, he has ventured upon a larger one, and undertaken a general history of mediaeval literature, of which his present work may be regarded as the first instalment, as up to the time of Charlemagne all literature was Christian, and even ecclesiastical. It may be doubted whether the writer, at starting, had precisely foreseen the nature of his task; for his selection is made decidedly more with reference to what at our day is considered literature than with reference to the proportion in which different writers helped to constitute the common stock of notions and images upon which mediaeval literature went to work. For instance, no writer was more influential than Gregory the Great, but he is very long, very dull, and it sounds plausible to say that his fantastic exposition of the Book of Job does not belong to literature, and so he is dismissed in some sixteen pages after a very perfunctory account of his Dialogues, with a rather fuller treatment of his metrical significance, as marking the transition from metrical to rhythmical hymns. If it was

still uncertain to the author how much of the patristic writings had passed into mediaeval literature, it would have been sufficient to describe the whole activity of each writer at a length proportioned to his contemporary rank; but this, of course, would have required philosophical and theological knowledge, and perhaps some accuracy of thought, which can hardly be expected of a writer who regards Bede's Life of St. Cuthbert as an historical romance, merely because Bede, like St. Cuthbert, believed in contemporary miracles. This is the more inexcusable, because in treating Sulpicius Severus's life of St. Martin the writer shows a great deal of acuteness in suggesting how more or less imaginary miracles come to be supported by contemporary evidence. Such evidence, however mistaken, belongs to history, not to historical romance. Nor is it possible to say much of the treatment of authors like Jerome and Augustin; their principal works, or those of them which are regarded as literary, are analysed in a painstaking way, but with no particular insight into their characteristic ideas. On the other hand, the account of the apologists, all of whom the author thinks made use of Minucius Felix, is very suggestive and good. One curious inference the author is perhaps too discreet to draw, that Paganism succumbed to a criticism as unfair and inadequate as Voltaire's criticism of Christianity. Still better is the treatment of the poets, whose intrinsic literary merits are scrutinised with exemplary patience and a skill which almost convinces the reader that solid results are reached. Perhaps patience and skill are rather thrown away on writers like Commodian or Dracontius, but it is a gain to have our attention called to the services of Prudentius as the creator of the ballad, and it is promising for the future portions of the work to observe how ingeniously the author traces the spirit of modern Spanish literature in Prudentius, and that of Northern French literature in Paulinus and Sidonius Apollinaris. EDITOR.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that the article in the current number of the *British Quarterly Review* on "Augusta Trevirorum" is from the pen of Dr. E. A. Freeman.

THE first volume of the long-expected *History of Co-operation in England*, by George Jacob Holyoake, embracing the period from 1814 to 1835, will be published in a few days.

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT has in the press a supplement to his *Hand-Book to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration* (J. R. Smith, 1867). The new volume will be uniform in size and type with its predecessor, and will contain the results of Mr. Hazlitt's unwearied gleanings from rare books during the last seven years.

As a compliment to its English subscribers, who number twenty-five out of its list of 350 members, the Old-French Text Society has resolved to reprint and re-edit "*The Debate between the Heralds of England and France*," compiled by Jhone Coke, Clerk of the Statutes of the Staple of Westminster, black letter. As the volume concludes with three pages of verses addressed by Coke to the enemies of Edward VI. (Hazlitt), its date must be about 1550 A.D.

WE understand that the Rev. N. Pocock, author of *Principles of the Reformation*, intends to publish very shortly a series of documents which will prove the authenticity of the facts detailed in that work.

MESSRS. ABEL HEYWOOD AND SON have in preparation a new and complete edition of the poems and songs of Mr. Edwin Waugh, confessedly the first of those who have illustrated in its own dialect the poetical side of Lancashire life, and not only in Doric, but in cultivated English also, a poet of great lyrical power and beauty.

THE Hunterian Club of Glasgow has just sent out its first issue for the third year 1873-4, consisting of Samuel Rowlands's *More Knaves Yet?* no date; *The Knave of Harts*, 1612; *The Melancholic Knight*, 1615; Lodge's *Phillis: Honoured with Pastoral Sonnets*, 1593; and *The Divil Coniured*, 1506. The text of Patrick Hannay's *Poetical Works*, 1622, is ready, but waits for Dr. D. Laing's Introduction to it. The Club hopes to issue this year the second part of the Bannatyne MS.; and has in the press Rowlands's *Betraying of Christ*, 1598; *'Tis Merrie when Gossips Meete*, 1602; *A Sacred Memorie*, 1618; and Lodge's *Catharos: Diogenes in his Singularity*, 1591; *The Wounds of Civil War*, 1594. The Honorary Secretary of the Club, Mr. Alex. Smith, Laurelbanks Place, Shawlands, Glasgow, will be greatly obliged by information about any of the following rare tracts of Samuel Rowlands, as the Club wants to reprint them, but can find no copy of any of them:—*'Tis Merrie when Gossips Meete*, 2nd edition, 1605, for collation; *A Theatre of Delightful Recreation*, 4to, 1605; *Democritus, or Dr. Merry-man*, 4to, 1607; *Six London Gossips*, &c. (mentioned in the Harleian Catalogue), 1607; *Guy Earl of Warwick*, Lond. by Edward All-de, 4to, no date.

MR. EBSWORTH'S reprint of *Merry Drollery* (Boston: Roberts) is just ready.

THE Report of the committee appointed to examine into the alleged errors in the lithographed facsimile of Lebor na Huidre has just reached us. It leaves us in ignorance as to the composition of the committee, but it betrays the fact that its main object was to exculpate the copyists as far as possible. So it is very significant when these experts, if such they are, admit that the copy is not quite accurate in ten cases out of the twenty alleged by Mr. Stokes; of course, they take care, as a rule, to qualify the inaccuracies as very trifling, but we are not sure that practised tracers would agree with them on that point. One cannot help thinking that the Report read in this light virtually admits the inaccuracy of the copy in three more cases, especially as it cannot be regarded as a point in favour of the copyists that, when a character may be read as *a* or *u*, for instance, they reproduce it as a decided *a* or a decided *u*, rather than by a character equally equivocal with the original. On the whole, then, Mr. Stokes seems to have the best of it in thirteen cases out of twenty, and the inaccuracy of the work is established. But whether "such errors as have been proved to exist must," as the Report tells us, "be expected to occur in all human work," is a question which demands the Academy's most serious consideration, and one on which we could offer it no advice.

It was not likely that M. Groen van Prinsterer would allow Mr. Motley's version of Barneveldt's fall to remain without reply. In his *Maurice et Barneveldt* (Utrecht: Kemink et Fils) he has answered in the best possible way by reprinting from the *Archives de la Maison d'Orange Nassau* the correspondence between Maurice and his cousin William Louis, together with his own introduction to the volume, in which that correspondence is found. To this he has added a long and discursive preface in which he expresses his high admiration of Mr. Motley's powers, but gives reasons for thinking that he has misapprehended both Maurice's character and the nature of the revolution of 1618. Mr. Groen van Prinsterer is, as is well known, a fervent admirer of the decrees of the Synod of Dort, but even those who do not agree with him on this point will hardly deny that he has shown good cause for questioning Mr. Motley's inferences.

PROFESSOR C. F. HART has printed at Rio de Janeiro an interesting brochure on the Amazonian Tortoise Myths. He experienced great difficulty in obtaining these narrations from the Indians, and it was only when they were surrounded by the circumstances "that make story-

telling proper and enjoyable" that they could be induced to communicate them. The myths are told not in Portuguese but in the Lingua geral, and the same story is found with but slight variations from near the mouth of the Amazonas to Tabatinga on the frontiers of Peru. Professor Hartt does not think it probable that these fables have been introduced by the negroes. There are myths of "the Paituna, the wonder-working son of woman belonging to a tribe of females with only one husband," of Kurupira the wood-devil, of water-sprites, and of a species of were-wolves. The tortoise myths narrate the stratagems by which the creature outruns the deer, cheats a man, kills two jaguars, provokes a contest of strength between the tapir and the whale, kills a jaguar and makes a whistle of one of his bones, kills an opossum by inducing him to bury himself, sends the jaguar on a fool's errand, &c. These are all explained by Professor Hartt as sun and moon myths.

THE *Revue Critique* of the 10th instant contains an unpublished letter of Schlegel, in the possession of M. E. Egger, which is interesting as showing the great critic's tender regard for M^{me}. de Staël, who had just died. It is as follows:—

"Monsieur,

"Foudroyé par la perte immense que j'ai faite quelque précoce (*sic*) qu'elle fût, je suis incapable de voir personne, autrement j'aurais assurément été chez vous, pour vous témoigner ma reconnaissance de toutes vos bontés, et surtout de l'intérêt que vous avez toujours pris à la maladie de mon illustre et immortelle protectrice. Devant partir ce soir pour la Suisse pour remplir un devoir triste et sacré, je vous fais mes adieux par écrit.

"Je vous renvoie les livres que vous m'avez si libéralement communiqués, et j'espère que vous les trouverez soigneusement conservés. J'en joins la note à cette lettre.

"Je ne sais pas quand je reviendrai à Paris. Veuillez me conserver un bon souvenir et croire à l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus empressés.

"J'ai l'honneur d'être,

"Monsieur,

"V. tr. h. et tr. obl. serviteur,

"16 juillet.

"A. W. DE SCHLEGEL.

"A Monsieur Monsieur Langlès, chevalier, etc. (*sic*), à la Bibliothèque Royale. Ci-joint 3 volumes."

THE May and June numbers of the *Preussische Jahrbücher* contain an interesting discussion on the manner in which the public semi-official task of editing the *Monumenta Germaniae* is being carried on. The subject is one that presents wider interests than those appertaining to it as a mere question of German literary management, and in Professor Brunner's protest against the unwieldy dimensions, expensive forms, and arbitrary system pursued in the publication of these standard national records, other commissions besides those of Imperial Germany might find useful hints. Professor G. Waitz, in his defence of the undertaking for which he is now the responsible director, explains that the alphabetical order of arrangement to which Dr. Brunner had objected in regard to the publication of the Laws was due to the accidental circumstance that Dr. Merkel had completed the "*Leges Alamannorum*" and the "*Leges Bajuvariorum*" before any others in the series were ready, and that for uniformity's sake the alphabetical order was thenceforth adopted. Professor Waitz admits the tardiness and shortcomings charged against the department of the "*Leges*," when compared with the course pursued in regard to the "*Scriptores*," but he pleads in extenuation the magnitude of the section, and the necessity for subdivision under a number of hands. He does not, however, as far as we can see, explain or extenuate the practice objected to by Dr. Brunner of printing in folio books intended to be carefully studied and frequently consulted by jurists, nor that of having given notes and prefaces in Latin in cases where clear definitions in the vernacular would seem to be especially called for.

IN another paper in the same journal, Samuel Puffendorf is drawn forth from his obscurity by Herr von Treitschke. The almost total absence of letters or any other direct memorials of the great Saxon thinker, whose hand was raised against all men, and who was at once admired and hated by his brother scholars, has made his task a difficult one, but for that very reason the writer is the more to be thanked for the new light which he has thrown on the character of Puffendorf, who is known to us rather as the erudite Protestant jurist of the seventeenth century than as the original thinker, keen wit, accomplished traveller, and acute politician, which he really was. We can scarcely wonder at the storm of wrath and perplexity excited in the minds of princes, courtiers, and professors by the opinions advanced in his scathing satire, entitled *Severini de Mozambano de Statu Imperii* (published anonymously in 1667 in his thirty-fifth year), when we bear in mind that he could suggest no remedy for the deep-seated lesions which he brought to view in his demonstration of the conditions of the head and extremities of the entire body politic of Germany, but the speedy extinction of the male line of Hapsburg! Herr v. Treitschke has given us a clear description of the current mode of thought in German universities and at German Courts at the time when Puffendorf and his contemporary and opponent Leibnitz were at the zenith of their fame in regard to this and other points.

THE well-known German critic, Herr Julian Schmidt, has been giving the readers of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* a minute analysis of the character and style of the late Charles Kingsley's earlier novels, more especially *Alton Locke* and *Hyppatia*. The writer's intimate acquaintance with English literature and with our social and political history during the last half century, enables him to judge of Kingsley's works from a broader and more comparative point of view than any usually at the command of a foreign critic. Thus, for instance, in estimating the merits of *Westward Ho!* he compares the author's pictures of the Elizabethan times with those given by contemporary dramatists, and in recent novels, such as *Kenilworth*, and again analyses its distinctive features when compared with those presented by historical fictions bearing upon different periods of national history, as Thackeray's *Emond*. By this method of comparative analysis, Herr Schmidt's critique of Mr. Kingsley's writings acquires even greater interest for English readers than for those to whom it especially addresses itself, while his estimate of the real importance of that period of ferment in which Kingsley played so prominent a part is highly suggestive, and merits attention as the unbiased opinion of a foreigner.

THE publication of Proudhon's correspondence is now complete with the exception of the twelfth volume. The principal characteristic of the eleventh, which comes down to February, 1862, is its tone of grief and discouragement:—

"We have not time, my dear friend," he writes to M. Neveu, "to complain in these days. I see miseries far otherwise lamentable than bruised limbs and dead men; it is a society falling into dissolution, a civilisation becoming extinct, a collapsing world. Eighteen centuries ago the world was, as now, in travail; then the character of this decomposition was frantic licentiousness; now its character is cowardice. All is cowardly and vile, base and flat, from the sovereign down to the beggar. . . . I rise every day with the thought of my nation dishonoured and taking pleasure in her shame, of a generation that is rotten and loves its rottenness, of a public that is imbecile and admires itself in its imbecility."

And later on, in January, 1862, Proudhon thus notices the absence of reading and the paucity of thought in France:—

"The smallest idea alarms, the least reasoning fatigues; debilitated intelligences no longer receive, no longer hear anything. . . . Is this, then, the end of civilisation, or only the end of the French democracy? That is what a near future will teach us."

We have to thank the Rev. W. Shaw Caldecott, vicar of Southsea, for a letter—our space forbids its insertion entire—in which he points out the probability of Bunyan's indebtedness in one or two passages of *The Pilgrim's Progress* to Bishop Womack's *Examination of Tilenus* (see a reprint in Nichol's *Arminianism and Calvinism Compared*) and to Bishop Patrick's *Parable of the Pilgrim*. The list of the Jury in the former work is certainly worth comparing with that of those who returned a verdict against Faithful. The latter production has several points in common with Bunyan's work, and it was the earlier to appear; for Mr. Caldecott states that the first edition of the *Parable of the Pilgrim* came out, not in 1678 (as has been said by Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xiii.), but in 1665, and that the edition of 1678 was in fact the fifth—a striking proof of the wide-spread popularity of the book. Here are three extracts:—

"Your way to Jerusalem lies through the world. You must not think to step into none but religious houses, or to fall into no company but that of the pious: much less must you expect to lie immured from the spectacle of vanity; and to secure yourself from temptations within the enclosure of high walls which they cannot climb over to approach you." (Third edition, p. 109.)

"Take the advantage of any shades or groves that you shall meet withal, for secret conference and discourse between God and your soul. Repose yourself as long as you can in those cool and still places, and there invite Heaven into your society. Nay, I would have you form yourself such occasions as oft as you are able, and contrive opportunities for privacy and inclosed thought. Build a great many little arbours with your own hands, into which you may withdraw yourself and be alone. . . . These quiet places are the resemblances of the serene regions about, and little models of heaven. They are hung round about also with a great many pictures of Jesus which will ravish your heart, and draw it out of your body to snatch it up to himself. In one corner you will see him pictured as the Lover of Men; and in another you will behold him in the greatest abasement and humility that ever was. On this side you will see him dealing his Charity to the poor, and on that he will discover himself attending on the sick. Here his Meekness, there his Patience will be lively represented to your eyes. In one place you will find him pouring out his instructions, and in another place pouring out his blood, for the good of men." (Pp. 129-131.)

"At last, having gained the top of an high hill, which, without some difficulty could not be climbed, they met with a knot of more excellent persons who recompensed them for the tediousness of that company into which they had lately fallen.

"The spectacle which now presented itself was no less wonderful than it was new. For there they beheld sundry pilgrims like themselves who had placed their bodies, though in several postures, as if they never meant to stir from that place, unless it was to be carried directly up to heaven. Some of them were fallen upon their knees, and, with their hands upon their breasts, their eyes elevated to the skies, and a very smiling countenance, seemed not so much to ask as to possess something that they dearly loved, and for which they rendered thanks to God. Others of them stood gazing upon their tiptoes, with their mouths open and their eyes so fixed, as if their souls were gone half-way out of their bodies to fetch in something which they hungered to receive. And others also stretched out their arms to such a length as if they saw that thing coming to them; or else they thought them to be wings whereby they could fly to that which they looked so greedily upon."

The two Pilgrims looking in that direction "had not done so very long, but by the advantage of this mountain, and the clearness of the air, and the steadiness of their eyes, and the quiet and silence wherein they all were, they had a very fair prospect of the heavenly Jerusalem. . . . It did not seem to be situate in a region like to any that they had as yet beheld, but in one so clear and pure that the sky is but a smoky vapour in comparison with it.

"There was no cloud that durst be so bold as to come within sight of it, nor was there any darkness

that could approach to sully its beauty. But as there was a perpetual serenity about it, so an everlasting day was one of the principal ornaments of it. . . . Nay, the very garments of the inhabitants (which he could discern a little) were so glittering that they seemed able of themselves to create a continual day to those that wore them." (Pp. 454-456.)

THE LATE PROFESSOR CAIRNES.

PROFESSOR CAIRNES has been laid to rest with extraordinary honour. No other author's death in our time, save Mr. Mill's, has called forth so strong and general an expression of feeling; and Mr. Mill had been a leader of a philosophical school for a generation, and for several years a distinguished and active member of Parliament, while Mr. Cairnes had resided in England only for a few years, during the greater number of which he was the victim of a cruel malady which secluded him from the world and deprived him latterly even of the use of his pen. It is but thirteen years since Professor Cairnes, then holding a chair of Political Economy in Ireland, and known only to a few of the more studious economists in England, suddenly attained a wide celebrity by the publication, at the most critical moment in the American civil war, of *The Slave Power*; one of the most masterly essays in the literature of political controversy, and, even now that American slavery is extinct, one of the most instructive and interesting treatises which students either of politics or of economics can find in the English language. The progress of economic science, and the changes in the views of economists, of which there are indications all over Europe, may disturb some of the conclusions of Mr. Cairnes's other works, but *The Slave Power* will ever defy criticism; and no serious answer was attempted to be made to it, even when the war was at its height, and when the Southern States had the sympathy and support of some of the most powerful organs of the English press. The practical object for which *The Slave Power* was published has been triumphantly accomplished, but it had also a philosophical purpose which gives it a permanent value as an economic classic, for its subject was originally selected by Mr. Cairnes for a course of lectures "to show that the course of history is largely determined by economic causes." The skill and ability with which this purpose was carried into effect will, we believe, make future economists regret more and more as their science advances that Mr. Cairnes did not in his subsequent works develop another side of the relation between history and political economy, namely, the connexion between the whole social history of a country and its economic condition as one of the phases of the entire movement, and not as the result of a single principle or desire.

Before the publication of *The Slave Power*, two essays in *Fraser's Magazine*, "towards the Solution of the Gold Question," had attracted the attention of economists in this country, especially Mr. Mill, to Mr. Cairnes's remarkable talent for deductive reasoning and exposition in economics. We think for our own part, and we have reason to believe that such was subsequently Mr. Mill's view, that in his practical conclusion Mr. Cairnes took insufficient account of the influence on prices of the acquisition by France, Germany, and other continental countries of the power of production and communication by steam, contemporaneously with the diffusion of the new gold; but those who dissent from the proposition that prices have risen more since the discovery of the new gold mines in England than in any continental country, will nevertheless find nothing to dispute in the principles which Mr. Cairnes applied with consummate skill to the solution of the problem. The causes which have raised prices on the continent so greatly above their former low level are causes of the same order with those whose operation Mr. Cairnes discussed in relation to England.

Although an invalid, impeded in every physical

movement by the malady from which he suffered, Mr. Cairnes took an active, though sometimes an unseen, part in the discussion of all the chief political controversies in this country during the last ten years, especially the Irish land question and Irish University education; and to him more than to any other single person it is due that University education in Ireland is not now under the control of an Ultramontane hierarchy, and that some of the chief subjects of historical and philosophical study have not been banished from the University of Dublin and the Queen's Colleges.

Last year, although then no longer able to write with his own hand, Mr. Cairnes published his *Leading Principles of Political Economy newly Expounded*, a work which ought to be regarded, even by those who dissent most from some of its principles, as an important contribution to economic science. To state with the greatest possible clearness and force the reasons for espousing one side of a scientific controversy, is to render one of the best services to those who seek to know all that can be said on both sides. And if any position which Mr. Cairnes takes up is unsuccessfully maintained, the student may feel assured that if literary and dialectical skill could have defended it, it would be impregnable. The second edition of Mr. Cairnes's *Logical Method of Political Economy*, which has recently been published, and which we hope on a future occasion to review, ought in like manner to be welcomed by those economists who incline to the inductive or historical method, not only for the intellectual interest which the reasoning of a powerful mind must always excite, but also as a masterly exposition of the deductive method, and a complete presentation of all that can be said for it or got out of it.

We have no words to express our admiration of the heroic fortitude and public spirit without which no amount of intellectual power would have enabled Mr. Cairnes, under sufferings of the most prostrating kind, to maintain so high a place in the philosophical and political history of his time as that which is assigned to him by universal consent. His moral as well as his intellectual qualities won for him the reputation which has now become historical. T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

WILHELM CORRSSEN.

WE learn with deep regret from the *Augsburg Gazette* the death of Wilhelm Corssen, the author of the great work on the *Pronunciation of the Latin Language*, whose name has lately been so often mentioned in connexion with the decipherment of the Etruscan inscriptions. Corssen was born at Bremen in 1820. He was a pupil of Meinecke, Böckh, and Lachmann. As early as 1844 he published his first book, *Origines Poesis Romanæ*. Afterwards he worked during twenty years as one of the masters at the public school of Porta. He resigned his mastership in 1860 on account of ill health, and lived chiefly at Berlin, supporting himself by literary work. His work, *Ueber Aussprache Vocalismus und Betonung der Lateinischen Sprache*, which received a prize from the Berlin Academy, was published in 1853, the second edition in 1868. It was followed up by two controversial books, *Kritische Beiträge zur Lateinischen Formenlehre*, 1863, and *Kritische Nachträge zur Lateinischen Formenlehre*, 1866. Corssen devoted the last years of his life to a collection of Etruscan inscriptions. He spent several years in Italy, exploring museums and private collections, in order to have none but autotypic copies in his *Corpus Inscriptionum Etruscarum*. The first volume, containing the inscriptions with commentary, was published last year; the second, which was to contain the linguistic results, was to have followed this year. We believe that it was nearly, if not altogether, finished before his death, and that it will contain Corssen's replies to the criticisms passed on his first volume. There has

been but one opinion as to the colossal industry with which the materials necessary for a scientific study of the Etruscan language have been brought together by Corssen, but hardly any scholar of authority has expressed himself convinced by his interpretations. This is all the more significant, because of late years almost every comparative philologist of note had given a more or less qualified approval of the theory advocated by Corssen, viz., that the Etruscan is an Italic dialect, or, at least, that it belongs to the Aryan family of speech. Though it is but fair not to express a final judgment before seeing Corssen's second volume, every reader of his first volume must have felt the forced character of the interpretations there proposed. There is a system in every language, and in attempts at deciphering, nothing is more curious than to observe how, if the right path is once found, we are led on naturally from passage to passage till the dark labyrinth is changed into a chessboard. In the interpretations of the cuneiform Achaemenian inscriptions, nothing was more striking than the facility with which, after the right spell had been found, words and grammatical forms dropped, so to say, into the lap of the decipherers. In Corssen's interpretations every inscription, every word, every grammatical form requires a new effort, and though we may admire the force expended by the indefatigable decipherer, we cannot help feeling that a real Aryan or Italic language would have yielded to much softer pressure. Corssen shows himself in his Etruscan book the same as in his previous works. He seems to have no eye for difficulties. His power of collecting evidence and producing truly or apparently analogous cases for every change of letters is great. But he is deficient in that delicate tact which shrinks from doing violence to language, even where language seems unable to resist his determined assault. Much of this want of self-control is due to Corssen's imperfect knowledge of Sanskrit, which he quotes largely, but not always wisely. However, with all these drawbacks, not only his work on Latin pronunciation, but his Etruscan work also, will retain a permanent value. If Corssen's attempt at explaining Etruscan by means of Latin and the Aryan languages has failed, the experiment need not be tried again. In this sense even an unsuccessful experiment, if only conducted according to strictly scientific principles, will mark a real advance in science. Bopp's attempt at proving the Malay languages to be related with Sanskrit failed, but it left this positive advantage, that where Bopp had failed no one need repeat the experiment. Here is the difference between Mr. Isaac Taylor and Professor Corssen. Etruscan may be Turanian, it may be Samoyedic, in spite of Mr. Taylor's book; it can never be Aryan or Italic, if Corssen has failed to prove it so.

A VENETIAN VIEW OF SOME ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

THE transcripts of the despatches written by Venetian ambassadors and secretaries resident in England—which are being collected by Mr. Rawdon Brown from the archives of Venice, and deposited by him in the Record Office for public use—promise to be of great assistance to future historians, not only by placing within their reach the opinions of unbiased contemporaries upon the greater political events of the time, but by supplying details of matters, of minor moment and yet not without their influence on affairs, which are usually slurred over by historical writers. A few notes and extracts in proof of the value of this correspondence during the latter years of the reign of Charles I., and the Commonwealth will not perhaps be unattractive to the student of history.

In July, 1638, Secretary Zonca resigned his charge to Giovanni Giustinian, who came direct to England from Madrid, where he had resided as ambassador from the Signory to Philip IV.

Giustinian is said to have been an able diplomatist, and indeed the task of conveying to the Senate a clear weekly account of the confusions in England during his residence there required a man of no ordinary powers and ability. One of the leading female politicians in Great Britain at that period was the staunch Covenanter, Anne Cunningham, daughter of James, Earl of Glencairn, and mother of James, Marquis of Hamilton. In January, 1639, Giustinian writes of the decided part taken by her

"in favour of the agitators in Scotland where she had great authority so that persons the best informed were suspicious of Marquis Hamilton's good faith; by so much the more, as in default of the royal line, he was heir to the crown of Scotland."

"This comment," observes Mr. Brown, "is in accordance with the remarks made on this nobleman by Lord Clarendon, who has been reproached with prejudice and bitterness in this matter, and therefore it is but fair to state that his opinion was shared by contemporaries, including so impartial a bystander as Giustinian, who maintained 'that the son of such a mother would do the Covenanters no harm.'"

Giustinian has also much to tell the Senate about a "female firebrand," whose visit to England had been long threatened, but was not accomplished until October, 1638, when Mary de Medici was driven by stress of weather into Harwich, she having sailed from Holland with the intention of landing at Dover. Her retinue consisted of six hundred persons, all of mean extraction and therefore the more inclined to take every advantage of the magnificent reception prepared for their royal mistress. For some days Mary de Medici remained in bed under medical care, to recover from the effects of her stormy passage. Queen Henrietta Maria did not go to Harwich to meet her mother, her own state being such that at the close of January, 1639, she gave birth to a daughter who died instantly; but, though unable to travel, she exerted herself to allay the general discontent caused by the immense expenditure to which the country was subjected by this untoward visit. She announced that the queen mother would have her expenses defrayed only for a few days, and that ample funds would be subsequently remitted to her from France. These assurances were not, however, verified, as the sojourn in England of Mary de Medici, at the cost of the British Crown, lasted nearly three years, namely, from October, 1638, until September 1641. On Wednesday, November 17, 1638, she was met by Charles I. at a distance of twenty-five miles from London, and nearer the metropolis; found her daughter waiting to receive her. The king and queen conducted her with every mark of respect to St. James's Palace. On the morning following, the Queen Dowager of France was complimented by visits at St. James's from all the foreign ambassadors, including even M. de Bellièvre. The king and queen visited her constantly, Charles for the most part addressing her standing and bare-headed, and Henrietta Maria likewise exhibiting no less extraordinary marks of filial deference to her exiled parent. Five thousand pounds were at once paid down for her maintenance, a monthly assignment of three thousand pounds was also made to her, and the citizens, moreover, presented her with a gilt bowl containing one thousand pounds. Mary de Medici vouchsafed but a cold return to all the demonstrations made in her honour. She remained seated when the cabinet ministers went in a body to visit her; to their compliments she made a most laconic reply. Nor did she treat the nobility and chief ladies of the Court much more cordially. Her Prime Ministers during her stay in England were the President Coigneux, Montgigot, and Fabrom, the last-named being the favourite. Early in 1639 the French President endeavoured to oust his Italian rival from the supreme post filled by him at St. James's; while at the same time it is suggested that the Queen Mother is adopting a more courteous manner towards the most influential members of the Privy

Council, a necessary step, perhaps, towards attaining the prompt payment of her monthly allowance.

English historians have very little to tell us of this visit of Mary de Medici, though there is no doubt that it was the cause of much discontent throughout the country.

In November, 1639, Giustinian writes that Wentworth, who had recently arrived from Ireland, was paramount and prime minister. By all possible arguments he urged the King to have recourse to the sword; he promised 20,000 Irish soldiers, and Laud offered 10,000 on behalf of the Anglican clergy. The Privy Council also determined on levying ship-money, which was expected to yield 200,000*l.*; the nobility were to subscribe 300,000*l.* Of the proceedings of the Long Parliament Giustinian transmitted the most minute details to the Senate, and on May 24, 1641, narrates the execution of Lord Strafford. Mr. Rawdon Brown thus translates the Italian version of this event:—

"The King nevertheless being determined to leave no means untried for the preservation of the life of the Lord Lieutenant wrote on Tuesday a touching and humble autograph letter to the Parliament, of whom he asked as a favour that the sentence of death passed on his favourite might be commuted for perpetual exile, or at least that its execution should be deferred until another year. To give this letter more force, he sent it by the Prince, who seconded it most earnestly, but was uncivilly dismissed by the Lower House, which refused to read it; neither would the Lords grant the King's suit, so that to his additional shame, on Tower Hill, last Wednesday, in the presence of an exulting crowd of 200,000 persons, the sentence was executed, and they took the life of this minister whose noble qualities (*prestanti conditioni*) were assuredly worthy of a better age, and of a happier end."

In December, 1642, Giustinian quitted London on his way home, leaving the secretary, Girolamo Agostini, in charge of the Venetian embassy. The latter's first mention of Cromwell is dated Sept. 9, 1644, in reference to an attack made by him on Prince Rupert's cavalry near Chester, causing the Royalists a loss of 300 horse. The ordinary histories of the period contain no account of this little episode in Oliver's military career, so far as we have been able to ascertain.

On March 4, 1644, Agostini tells of the uncereemonious manner in which the "Committee" or "Council" of State took possession of Lord Derby's mansion in Cannon Row, Westminster; and he also alludes to a fine imposed on absentee members, thus:—

"The two Houses of Parliament have established the new Council of State, consisting of individuals of the two nations (English and Scotch) who are invested with supreme authority, and they have held several meetings, possessing themselves for this purpose of a house belonging to a nobleman of the opposite party, furnishing it with hangings from the King's wardrobe; and some of the first business proposed by them related to a restriction of the command held by the Earl of Essex, binding him to do nothing without their commission. Anticipating, too, that the Lords and Commons not on the Committee—and for whom there will consequently remain but small and unimportant business to transact—may absent themselves, they have made the two houses pass a bill, charging the members to be present every morning from nine to twelve, and establishing a fine of one shilling to be paid by any member who chanced to be absent at the appointed hour."

In December, 1644, Agostini gives the history of the quarrel between the Earl of Manchester and Cromwell, and adds that the Earl's written vindication presented to the Commons was to the effect

"that Cromwell besought Manchester to join him, promising to form an army of independent sectarians, which should dictate the law, not only to the king, but also to the Parliament, freeing themselves thus from this tyrannical synod of conscience; that he, Cromwell, would be the first to draw his own sword on the Scotch who aimed at introducing Presbyterianism, and that ere long he should hope to destroy the

nobility of England which consisted of a mass of traitors."

In Lord Clarendon's account of this dispute (ed. Oxford, 1843, p. 515) there is no allusion to any such invective on Cromwell's part against the Scotch Presbyterians and the English nobility.

Agostini's last letter, dated London, January 27, 1645, announces the death of Archbishop Laud in terms which Mr. Brown thus renders into English:—

"The Archbishop of Canterbury died, affording a singular example of constancy. He made a long speech on the scaffold, celebrating the King's observance of Religion and the Laws; he reproached the City of London with its bloodthirstiness, nor did he omit adroit allusions to the confusion which this present Parliament has introduced both in the Church and in the law of the land."

Agostini himself died in London a few days after the date of the above letter, and for seven years afterwards there was no Venetian Ambassador or Resident Secretary established in England. The appointment of an envoy to the Commonwealth was discussed in the Senate in April, 1651, and strongly advocated by Berlucci Valier—a most influential member of the Republic, who was elected Doge in 1656—but without success. At length, in February, 1652, just five months after the battle of Worcester, the Senate ordered the ambassador Morosini, in Paris, to send his secretary Lorenzo Paulucci to London, under pretence of chartering vessels and negotiating levies for the defence of Candia. Paulucci was instructed for this purpose to have recourse to some of the leading members of the Government, and in the event of their alluding to a renewal of the political intercourse between England and Venice, he was to declare the Signory's willingness to give the Parliament "proofs of the esteem due to its grandeur, and in conformity with the ancient custom of the Venetian Republic." J. J. CARTWRIGHT.

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York: June 30, 1875.

A Short Account of the Niobe Group, by Thomas Davidson, has just been published by Mr. L. W. Schmidt of this city. This little pamphlet calls attention to one of the most admired of Greek antiquities, and one over which there has been much controversy. What figures among the excavated hundreds should be allotted to the group, and, when that is settled, what position the elected statue should occupy in relation to the others, has been the cause of wordy battles not a few among lovers of the antique. Mr. Davidson writes from the standpoint of the best German authorities a very pleasing and interesting treatise.

Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, who has been living in the United States for only a few years past, and who occupies a Professor's chair at Cornell University, is already a thorough American, and his writings are looked upon as important additions to current American literature. Mr. Boyesen has a new and rich vein to work, and he works it like a skilful miner. It is that of the romance and tragedy of emigration. He has studied the subject from a Norseman's standpoint, and that of an enthusiastic American also. Mr. Boyesen's latest work is *A Norseman's Pilgrimage*, a novel recently published by Sheldon and Co. of this city. The story ran first as a serial in the *Galaxy*, where it attracted favourable attention. One great attraction of this author's writings is their simplicity. The reader gets only the reflection of the writer's erudition—there is none of that learned display which is the trick of the half-educated and the weakness of the well-educated. *A Norseman's Pilgrimage* is written in beautiful English and in the purest literary style. As a story it has little plot and little adventure, but the reader's interest never wavers for a moment. The story opens in Germany, where the hero, Olaf Varberg, has stopped for a while on his way to Norway from

America, where he has been living for some years, and where he has already established himself as a successful man of letters. While in Leipzig he re-reads *Faust* one day, and rushes out of the house in a romantic mood in search of a Marguerite. He is not long in finding one in the person of a beautiful American girl, whom he afterwards becomes acquainted with in an unconventional way. They become fast friends, and he looks upon her for some time as an interesting literary study, and is about to stow her away in his brain for future use, when the man gets the better of the artist, and he falls in love with his model. Mr. Boyesen is never more delightful than when he shifts his scene to Norway. The heroine of this story visits her lover's home, among the pine-trees and glaciers. The author fairly revels in the long twilights and ice-bound rivers of the land of the Vikings. He weaves the charm of the mysterious legends of the North through all his pages. Mr. Boyesen, I believe, has some distance to go yet before he reaches thirty, and his two first novels, *Gunnar* and *A Norseman's Pilgrimage*, are likely to be mere forerunners of more serious and more ambitious work in the field of fiction. He is also known as a poet and a critic. He is now engaged upon a series of articles on German literature for the *Atlantic Monthly*. Some of Mr. Boyesen's shorter stories have recently been, or are to be, translated into Danish and published by a Copenhagen firm.

General William T. Sherman's *Memoirs* have met with a large sale. We have no public man who is more universally popular than General Sherman. He is an impetuous writer as well as a fighter, and he wrote his book almost entirely from memory, I am told, hardly referring to the papers in his possession. The consequence is that although his style is bold and brilliant, his facts are not altogether trustworthy, and do not always agree with the official statements. It is said that the President, who is his warm friend, has expressed his regret that General Sherman was not more careful about having his facts correct, and thinks that he was a little hasty. No doubt the President is right, but if General Sherman had not written as the humour seized him, we should probably have had a very stupid instead of a very entertaining volume of memoirs.

Mr. John Hay, who was known during the recent civil war as the secretary of the late President Lincoln, is now better known as a writer of brilliant prose and of dialect poetry. For some years past he has been one of the most valued members of the *Tribune's* editorial staff, and the contributions from his pen have been a marked feature of that journal. To the regret of a large circle of friends, both public and private, Mr. Hay now leaves this city for the West, where he will make his home in Cleveland, Ohio. He will, however, continue his contributions to the *Tribune's* editorial page, but not to the same extent as heretofore. The Hay and Nicolay life of Lincoln may now be looked for ere long. By the way, Mr. Hay, who is intimately acquainted with the Lincoln family, warmly sustains Mr. Robert Lincoln in his much censured action of placing his mother, the wife of the late President, in a lunatic asylum. Colonel Hay thinks that there is no question as to Mrs. Lincoln's insanity, and that her son should have the sympathy rather than the blame of the people.

Henry Holt and Co. have recently published the first English translation of the writings of Richard Wagner. Mr. Edward Burlingame was the translator, and he has done his work well, having kept the spirit of that wonderfully spirited writer. Wagner's German is like his music—original and bold, and complicated, too, if the truth must be told.

Scribner, Armstrong and Co. have on sale for the owner a tastefully gotten up little volume, entitled *Haud Immemor*, which contains some half-a-dozen autograph letters written by Thackeray to Mr. Wm. B. Reed, of Philadelphia. There is also

a letter from Miss Thackeray and one from Shirley Brooks in the volume. On the back of one of Thackeray's letters is a characteristic little sketch of a man and woman dancing. These letters were reproduced in a recent volume of the "Bric-a-brac" series. At an autograph sale in this city a few days ago the highest price paid was for a letter by John Penn, of North Carolina, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This brought \$30. A poem by Mary Howitt came next, and sold for \$14. Dickens, a short letter, \$5; a letter of Bulwer's, \$1.33; Lord Jeffrey, letter, fifty cents; Mark Lemon, signature, six cents; Sheridan Knowles, letter, \$3.50. The liveliest bidding was for signers of the Declaration of Independence, as collectors are all anxious to get complete sets of these, and also of the Presidents.

The August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* will contain the first instalment of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler's autobiography. The varied experiences of this gifted lady as an actress, and her relations with literary people of distinction, together with her admirable style, will make this an attractive feature of the Boston monthly.

You have doubtless heard on your side of the Atlantic of the grand musical festival recently held in Cincinnati. To you, with whom musical festivals are an everyday occurrence, the Cincinnati jubilee has perhaps not seemed like a matter of such vast importance. With us it marks a new era in musical culture. This far-western city has had such festivals before, but not on such a magnificent scale. The festival opened on May 11 and continued for four days. The streets were decorated with flags, and portraits of the great composers framed with evergreen appeared on every hand. People from all parts of the United States were in attendance, and the excitement was equal to that of Derby Day. The Exposition building, seating 4,000 persons, was used for the concerts. The orchestra, under Mr. Theodore Thomas, of New York, numbered 100 performers, and the chorus, under Mr. Otto Singer, numbered 800 voices. The opening programme consisted of Brahms's *Triumphlied*, baritone solo, double chorus, orchestra, and organ; Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in A; and selections from Wagner's *Lohegrin*, solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. On the evening of the third day, Bach's Magnificat in D was performed for the first time in this country. This was the *pièce de résistance* of the festival. It was beautifully rendered, and when the end came the entire audience arose to its feet, and cheered and shouted, and called for Mr. Thomas with the excitement of madmen. Eight thousand persons had crowded into the hall, and the building was surrounded by as many more. The programmes of each performance were skilfully managed, and Mr. Thomas and Mr. Singer were treated like conquering heroes. None but the most classic music was given, and orchestra and chorus outdid themselves in their efforts to do justice to the great composers. Since the festival a private citizen has offered \$150,000 for the purpose of building a permanent hall for such concerts if the same amount be contributed by other citizens.

The Spring Exhibition at the National Academy of Design was a semi-centennial occasion; so you see that academic art in America is half as old as the country. Although it seems to be a good deal a matter of chance—the degree of excellence achieved by any single show of this kind; yet as some stress was laid upon the exhibition as an "occasion," it is fair to assume that it was in more than an ordinary sense a representative collection. Taken in that light there were many points of discouragement; and on the other hand many pleasant and hopeful prognostications. It was discouraging to find places of honour given to a great deal of trash and trumpery; to a great deal of arrogant bad taste backed by academical prestige; but, then, never perhaps has the spirit of genuine art been more thoroughly avenged

than by the scorn with which such conspicuousness has been met; not merely in the public press, but in the sessions of sweet silent criticism; in the blame visited by the constantly increasing artistic sense of the community. Then, too, there was some work of a vigorous and very suggestive and promising sort; work in diverse methods and under various inspirations. Mac Entee, Homer, La Farge, Wyatt Eaton, Thayer, Miss Bridges, and others who could be mentioned, contributed some of their most important work.

Soon after the exhibition at the Academy was opened, a collection of American paintings was placed upon free exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Rooms of Messrs. Cottier and Co. (the American branch of the well-known London firm). It consisted of pictures by John La Farge and William Hunt, and of some younger painters of New York and Boston, among whom were several pupils of these masters. It was an interesting little exhibition very different in tone from any single collection ever before exhibited in New York. The more serious modern French art seemed to have been the prevailing influence with these artists—although English methods were represented, and there were some things done (and some good things) "in the admiration" of the old Spanish masters. There was plenty of originality, however, and the exhibition shows that there is skill as well as intellect among some of our younger and least known painters.

J. L. GILDER.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature and Art.

- DUROU, le général. *La Défense de Paris, 1870-1871.* T. 1. Paris: Dentu.
- HUCHET, E. *Le Saint-Graal ou le Joseph d'Arimathe, premier branche des romans de la Table ronde; publié d'après des textes et des documents inédits.* T. 1. Le Mans: Monnoyer. 7 fr. 50 c.
- JAHRBUCH d. Schweizer Alpenclub. 10. Jahrg. 1874-75. Bern: Dulp. 11 M.
- PERROT, G. *Mémoires d'archéologie, d'épigraphie, et d'histoire.* Paris: Didier. 8 fr.
- WOOD, C. F. *A Yachting Cruise in the South Seas.* King.

History.

- DELOD, T. *L'histoire du second Empire.* T. 6. Paris: Germer-Baillière. 7 fr.
- HARTWIG, O. *Quellen u. Forschungen zur ältesten Geschichte der Stadt Florenz.* 1. Thl. Marburg: Elwert. 7 M. 20 Pf.
- L'EXPÉDITION du duc de Guise à Naples: documents inédits (1647-1648) publiés par Lodsieur et Baguenault de Puchesse. Paris: Didier. 10 fr.
- MARTENS, F. *Recueil des traités et conventions conclus par la Russie avec les puissances étrangères.* Tome II. Traités avec l'Autriche. 1772-1808. St. Petersburg: Devrient.
- MERVALLE, C. *General History of Rome.* Longmans.
- SCHIRMACHER, F. *Beiträge zur Geschichte Mecklenburgs vornehmlich im 13. u. 14. Jahrh.* 2. Bd. Rostock: Wether. 7 M.

Physical Science, &c.

- DANA, J. D. *The Geological Story briefly told.* Tribner.
- GILLET, C. C. *Les Champignons qui croissent en France.* 1^{re} partie. Paris: Baillière. 22 fr. 50 c.
- LEPSIUS, R. *Beiträge zur Kenntnis der Juraformation im Unter-Elsass.* Leipzig: Engelmann. 3 M.
- ROHLEF, H. *Geschichte der deutschen Medicin.* Die medicin. Klassiker Deutschlands. 1. Abth. Stuttgart: Enke. 14 M.
- TERRELL, A. *Traité pratique des essais au chalumeau.* Paris: Savy. 10 fr.
- TRENTINAGLIA-TELVENBURG, J. v. *Das Gebiet der Rosanna u. Trisanna, mit besond. Berücksichtg. der orographischen, glacialen, . . . u. meteorologischen Verhältnisse.* Wien: Gerolds Sohn.

Philology.

- MEHLIS, Ch. *Die Grundidee d. Hermes vom Standpunkte der vergleichenden Mythologie.* 1. Abth. Erlangen: Deichert. 1 M. 20 Pf.
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- RAITHIEL, G. *Die altfranzösischen Präpositionen.* 1. Abth. Od, par, en, enz, denz, dedenz, parni, enmi. Berlin: Weber. 1 M. 50 Pf.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TOMBS OF CH. LENORMANT AND OTFRIED MÜLLER AT COLONUS.

London: July 6, 1875.

When at Athens last month, I saw a scene at Colonus which may be interesting and instructive to your readers. We had gone out, as every visitor does, to see the home of Sophocles, the

waters of Cephissus, the ivy and the olive trees, and if possible to hear the traditional nightingale complaining in the fresh green glades. And of course we ascended the tiny mound, known as the hill of Colonus, and sat down at the marble tombs erected, as is pompously inscribed, by the Greek nation to Ch. Lenormant and O. Müller, both of whom died at Athens, the victims of their thirst for Greek archaeology and art. While sitting there, and enjoying the beautiful view of the Acropolis which the place affords, we observed with indifference several workmen with pickaxes quarrying out stones close to us on the slope of the hillock. We did not attend to them, for we were engaged at first with admiring the view, and next with wondering at the state of the two tombs, which we found peppered all over with marks of shot and bullets. They were evidently the habitual targets of the neighbourhood, and in several places the scanty ornaments which the Greek nation had generously carved upon them were of course knocked off. But in the midst of our contemplations, we were suddenly startled by a shout from the workmen, who were all running away from the spot. After a moment's hesitation, my companion called to me that the men were blasting the rock beside us. So we took to our heels just in time to escape an avalanche of stones, earth, and dust which came down upon the tombs where we had been sitting. When the danger was over I came back and measured the distance of the spot where the powder had been laid. It was exactly *twelve paces* from the nearest tomb. As the men were gradually working their way towards the top of the hill, I suppose that by this time the monuments are not only in daily danger of being blown down, but that the remains of the two amiable gentlemen there buried will likewise be blown up out of their venerable resting place. So much for burying one's friends in a foreign country, and among barbarous and reckless people.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

THE MARLBOROUGH GEMS.

London: July 10, 1875.

The sale of the famous Marlborough collection of gems a week or two since to a single purchaser for 35,000 gns. will have its chief interest for the world in general in the proof it affords of the vast stores of wealth that the prosperity of many years has accumulated in England, and the enormous increase which has accrued as a consequence to the value of objects which are remarkable for exceptional beauty, or for what seems to be a still greater source of attraction, mere rarity. The fantastic pitch to which mere rarity will carry the value, or rather the price paid for an object, is being continually illustrated at public auctions; and yet where is the man endowed with any pretension to taste who would not derive a pleasure of a higher and truer kind from a good little drawing, or other morsel of artistic work—such as an intaglio engraved by a Sirletti or Natter—than he would, for instance, from one of the seven cents that alone were struck in one year at Washington, and which only on that account will fetch 170% in any sale room; or even, we may add, from a piece of not very pretty china possessing as its only valuable attribute the mark of some obscure and extinct pottery. And yet not only a gem by Sirletti or by Natter, but frequently even a good Greek gem will not produce at a public auction a sum comparable with that for which either of the other objects will find plenty of purchasers.

The sale in separate lots of the Marlborough gems would possibly have helped a little to correct this disease of the public taste, or perhaps would have shown that after all it was the dearth of objects endowed with a higher beauty that had fostered it.

Unfortunately, however, the debased sentiment that supposes that an inferior gem of antique engraving must be more beautiful or, at least, more valuable than a fine work of the same class

wrought in the Cinque-cento period, or during the last century, was flattered rather than rebuked by the clumsy mutilations that converted a catalogue that had been made some time ago with every effort to assign to each gem in the Blenheim Cabinet its true date and character into a mere auctioneer's advertisement, from which every indication of the Cinque-cento or modern origin of any of the gems was as far as possible expunged, and the words of its author in many cases so twisted as to present the opposite meaning to that which they carried in the original. To such an extent, indeed, was this done, that when connoisseurs came to examine the gems with the catalogue they found that it merely misled them. Then, after using his name to give authority to this mutilated work, an effort was made to throw aspersions on the author's literary capacity and competence for the task, and by direct misstatements to assign as the original purpose of the catalogue a motive of the meanest kind.

What I wish, however, here to point out, is that quite the best thing even for the purpose of the sale room would have been to let the gems be sold with the actual descriptions and honest criticisms they bore in the original catalogue, and to have relied on the common sense of the only people likely to spend large sums on gems. Such people are either, on the one hand, archaeologists who are not likely to be taken in by the transparent trick of a *couleur de rose* catalogue, whatever the name on its title-page; whereas they would undoubtedly have had their own hesitations as to the date of a gem frequently set at rest—and that far more often, as it happened, in its favour than against it—by a catalogue the history of which was known probably to every archaeologist in the sale-room. Or, on the other hand, the purchasers who would have bought on other and, as far as the genius of collecting is concerned, less pedantic grounds than those of mere "antiqueness," if we may coin a phrase, would have certainly not given less for a beautiful gem on account of the date when it was engraved. And the Marlborough Collection is so rich in Cinque-cento works of curious interest and of great beauty, not merely as regards the gems themselves, but also in respect of their mountings, and in some respects of their historical associations, that to vulgarise a catalogue that recounted these points of interest with at least conscientious care, by omitting in all cases where it was possible any hint or suspicion of a sixteenth or eighteenth century origin, was simply to have knocked off from the selling value of the gems the half of the enhancement to that value which the collection confessedly owed to the catalogue.

No one, probably, who was prepared to buy the far-famed cameo of the Nuptials of Cupid and Psyche would think of spending a large sum of money upon it without asking what was known of its history, what criticisms had been passed upon its work by distinguished scholars, and the date of the hand to which it must be ascribed. And surely this gem, which is perhaps the *chef d'œuvre* of the age of Raphael and Marc Antonio, would have a higher value as such, than if it were invested with hesitation and uncertainty in the mind of the buyer as to whether it belonged to the age of Augustus or to that of Gregory. Again, in the part of the Collection which the third Duke of Marlborough acquired from the Earl of Bessborough, is a series of forty Imperial heads, from Augustus to Valerian, of admirable workmanship and on beautiful stones. They were the undoubted work of Laurent Natter, one of the master hands of the last century in gem engraving. The manipulator of the catalogue expunges this cardinal fact, thereby diminishing by probably more than 80 per cent. the value of this series, a series which obviously no one would have bought with the idea of its being other than modern. Some of the most beautiful gems in the collection, indeed, owe their value to associations of this kind; while of others—which

are among the gems the most important—it may be asserted that their value in a sale room would depend entirely on such criticisms as those gathered round them in my original catalogue: for they were gems that no archaeologist would have bought as antique but for those criticisms, while no connoisseur would have set much value on them on account of their beauty. One of these is the Rape of the Palladium (No. 341); and another is the large and deeply sunk intaglio of Pallas with a long and suspicious looking signature. To the archaeologist, however, these gems with their signatures are of the greatest interest as landmarks in the history of the art. The Pallas, for instance, I hold to be undoubtedly the original gem, as I described it in the catalogue, to which a pedigree without a flaw must be attached that carries it back to a period too early for it to be a forgery.

The patience and labour expended in ransacking ancient as well as modern volumes, and in forming casts from existing collections, in order to rest the criticisms of such a gem on a sound basis, and vindicate it from the doubts that one of the first of modern archaeologists and scholars had thrown round it—doubts certainly known to every true archaeologist in the sale-room—were simply thrown away as far as the sale was concerned, and the gem thereby reduced to probably one half its value.

Without expending further discussion on this suicidal and worse than shabby treatment of a literary work which the owner of the gems received as a free gift—treatment which his Grace, however, would certainly have indignantly repudiated had its true character been brought to his notice—we may proceed to consider what place this important collection holds among similar private collections in the world. Of these there are but few. The collection of gems of the Duc de Luynes has passed into the Bibliothèque at Paris. Its rival, formed by the Duc de Blacas, rests now, thanks entirely to the appreciative promptitude of Mr. Disraeli, in the British Museum.

The Praun collection, formed two centuries ago in Nürnberg, has been dispersed; and the Arundel collection—probably the only contemporary of the Praun that had survived to our time in private hands—has now, as one part of the Blenheim gems, just changed its owner, with what further destination who shall say? Last year a collection of some repute in Paris—consisting of 500 gems, the property of M. Letureq, was brought to the hammer in London, though the result of its sale is said to have produced disappointment owing to over *finesse* in the arrangements.

There indeed remain a few collections of fame; notably that of the Duke of Devonshire and one less known but of choice excellence collected by Lord Algernon Percy, and inherited by Mr. Heber Percy; and there is an almost unknown collection, the home of which should be Castle Howard. In Paris, too, there remains divided between the two brother Barons Roger, the Roger collection; to each portion of it further additions have been made by their present owners, and they contain a few admirable cameos and specimens of cameo work, and some intaglios, chiefly small but of a high character, including many that are antique. A select collection formed during recent years by Mr. Cooke of Richmond, and the curious collection of Mr. King the well-known author, and in great part reviver of the taste for gems, may be named among the few minor collections of our own time and country. But among all of these the great collection of the Duke of Marlborough stood the highest.

When we remember that the 800 gems of the Blacas collection which, as far as the intaglios went, were even a more remarkable series than those in the Blenheim cabinet, might be with some confidence valued (leaving out the great cameo of Augustus) at about one-third of the

48,000*l.* paid by the nation for the entire Blacas Museum, the great sum which Mr. Agnew's enterprise laid down for the purchase of the Marlborough gems may startle the world. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that the value of gems has advanced, at least on a par with that of other objects of vertu, and that probably the gems in the Blacas collection would produce now in a sale-room from 30 to 50 per cent. more than the share they were estimated to bear in the sum for which Mr. Disraeli closed the purchase of the Blacas Museum in his telegram to Paris. But in one respect the Marlborough cabinet stands conspicuous, and that is in the large cameos which adorn it. Although such cameos belong to the Roman period, and some of the most striking of them to a comparatively late period of Roman art, they possess an archaeological interest of a high order, and if they are to be valued by their rarity they at least deserve to be as keenly sought after as the vases in which a Chelsea potter tried to imitate the delicate products of the Sèvres manufactory.

The sale of the Blenheim collection in a single lot leaves it still a matter of conjecture what would be the fair selling price of such objects as these large cameos, while also it still remains entirely uncertain how far an improved appreciation of the beautiful products of the gem engraver's art in the sixteenth and in the last centuries would have permitted the fine examples of these gems in the Blenheim Cabinet to be sold below their value. N. S. MASKELYNE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, July 17, 3 p.m. Sixth Summer Concert, Crystal Palace.
8 p.m. French Operas at the Gaiety (last night).
FRIDAY, July 23, 8 p.m. Quekett Club: Annual General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Ancient Greek Inscriptions of the British Museum. Edited by C. T. Newton, Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities. Part I. Attika. Edited by the Rev. E. L. Hicks, M.A. (Oxford: Printed by order of the Trustees at the Clarendon Press, 1874.)

(First Notice.)

AN edition of the Greek Inscriptions of the British Museum, about a thousand in number, is an undertaking in which the whole educated public of Europe has an interest. Not only is it a sign of the continued vigour with which this great institution is conducted, but the matter itself has a special importance. It is not everyone who is called to study the subject of epigraphy, but it is daily becoming more and more clearly recognised that every scholar ought to be familiar with the inscriptions within his own province of history or philology. The student, indeed, is inexcusable who neglects the monuments which speak to him with the very voice of past ages. But as it is impossible in an ordinary lifetime to examine the originals of everything brought under discussion, and as these originals themselves are perishable and sometimes wantonly destroyed, the production of exact and trustworthy texts is an absolute necessity. Each country has its own work to do in this matter, it must have its trained epigraphists capable of undertaking expeditions into foreign countries, but above all it is specially called upon to edit and interpret the inscriptions contained in its own local or

national collections. It is only such persons upon the spot who have the time and opportunity for the repeated consultations of the original stone or brass which are necessary to produce an exact text. Much, indeed, may be done with wet paper squeezes, with photographs, or with rubbings, especially when supplemented by manuscript copies taken at the same time. The use of squeezes is, in fact, now recognised as almost indispensable even in editing inscriptions close at hand. But nothing but a repeated examination of the originals under different lights and varying conditions will give absolute certainty in such minutiae as broken letters and half rubbed-out words, the peculiar shapes of characters, and the like. It matters, therefore, comparatively little what competent scholar edits a corpus or collection of the inscriptions of any province or group of provinces, provided that the originals have been first properly studied by those in whose possession they are. Thus, while we could not but feel a certain regret that the Latin Inscriptions of Britain had not been edited as a whole by an Englishman, we felt bound to confess that, in all probability, the task was better performed by Professor Hübner than it could have been by anyone else. He had studied the great area of the Gallic quarter of the Empire to which Britain belonged more widely than any other philologist; and he had besides a just appreciation and knowledge of the local work of English epigraphists. But without the accurate labours of a long line of native editors from Camden and Horsley to the present day, little or nothing could have been done.

The collections of Latin inscriptions in this country are mostly of British origin, and have been recently worked up in a variety of ways, many of them in a popular form. It is not so, however, with the Greek, which have been collected by various travellers and explorers from a number of distant localities. Much has been discovered since the publication of Boeckh's great work, and it has long been known that the copies there given, owing to the haste and inaccuracy of many of the transcriptions, were not implicitly to be relied on. Others were only to be found in large and expensive books of travels or the transactions of learned societies, others again have never been published at all.

It was therefore very fortunate that the Trustees of the British Museum possessed in Mr. Newton a skilled archaeologist, enterprising enough to undertake this task, and that he was able to secure the services of so excellent a coadjutor as Mr. Hicks. Of Mr. Newton's qualifications it is almost needless to speak, but we may remind our readers that when a young man he was chosen to complete and edit the collection of Roman Inscriptions in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica* after the death of Mr. Petrie, and that in his very successful expeditions to Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidae in connexion with his important architectural and historical discoveries, he collected and edited more than a hundred Greek inscriptions, few of which had been ever printed before. His practical ability as an archaeologist is abundantly apparent, even in such

small brochures as the catalogues of vases and of the Blacas Collection in the British Museum. Mr. Hicks is also well known to our readers as a writer in this journal, and he has contributed valuable papers to the *Journal of Philology* and the *Hermes*. This is, however, the first volume of any size which he has produced, and it must be pronounced, without any kind of pretence or flattery, a great success. Mr. Hicks is a scholar of whom the University and City of Oxford may well be proud, and that he is at the same time a hard-working country clergyman is a fact that deserves to be mentioned. We think, too, that the Oxford Press should receive some credit for the way in which the book has been got up. In type and printing and paper it is admirable, striking exactly the right mean between cheapness and luxury. The uncial type is, we believe, new in this country, and deserves attention. It is cast from the fount made originally for Lebas' *Voyage Archéologique*, and seems to reproduce the different characters of each period with great success. Actual misprints seem very rare and unimportant. A slip of the pen at the bottom of p. 156 may here be noticed where "dissyllable" is a curious confusion for "synzesis" or some such term. As a matter of mere technical arrangement we should have much preferred a full table of contents at the beginning to a bare list of chapters. A short title with the actual or proximate date of each inscription, would not have occupied much space, and might have been given as well at the beginning of the volume as in the heading of each number, and in the headline of each right-hand page. We should like also to see a cursive text following in all cases immediately beside or below the uncial, even where it is repeated in detail in the commentary. Something too might be done to make the breakages in the stone more evident to the eye, by applying, as far as may be, the principles of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* which are in advance of those generally adopted in editing Greek inscriptions. The use, for instance, of thick type in cursive texts, where in Latin we should use italics, would enable us to dispense with many a tiresome bracket. We mention these minutiae, as we know by experience that upon them much of the attractiveness, and indeed usability, of a book depends in this hard-pressed and hurrying age. We shall look forward with interest to the indexes, which, no doubt, will be given when another part or parts shall have appeared.

Our readers will, no doubt, desire to have a more detailed account of the character and contents of this volume. It contains 136 Attic inscriptions, all edited by Mr. Hicks, with the exception of the important no. 35, the Survey of Works in the Temple of Athene Polias, which is edited by Mr. Newton with some thirteen pages of commentary. All the uncial texts have been first carefully collated with the original marbles by Mr. Hicks, and then by Mr. Newton, who has also revised the whole in its passage through the press, with the assistance of Mr. A. S. Murray and Mr. Percy Gardner, so that we have every guarantee for the first great desideratum—exactness of reading. The results of this careful collation are ap-

parent throughout the book wherever a broken line has to be filled up, or worn and rubbed letters have to be made out:—

"A repeated examination of the stone has rendered some of Böckh's conjectures untenable and suggested others" (p. 1).

"I am glad to have recovered *δλειῖσαι* from the stone. Rose and Böckh are quite in error, and Sauppe only arrives at the right meaning by the violent conjecture *τοῖσι ἐν Ἀγῶνι οὐσι Μυστηρίοις*" (p. 7).

"The surface has been much worn away, but by assiduously poring over the stone, I was able to arrive at a considerably more perfect copy than that given in the *Corpus*" (p. 40).

These are merely specimens of the manner in which Mr. Hicks has worked patiently at his task. As instances of his success in restoration, we may refer to no. 2, the Reorganisation (?) of the Eleusinia, as compared with Kirchhoff *Corpus*, no. 1, and to no. 24 B, compared with Kirch. no. 185, p. 84. See also pages 60 and 61, where his rearrangement of some of Chandler's letters is found to coincide with a collation of the stone long supposed to be lost. But probably his greatest triumph is the reading of no. 74, a small archaic fragment arranged *βουτροφιδόν*, on the restoration of which Böckh at one time prided himself as a type of his own method, though in later life he seems to have given it up as hopeless. Dr. Kirchhoff also is at a loss to interpret it. Mr. Hicks shows that the letters which remain are perfectly clear, and that they are not arranged *στοιχηδόν*—i.e., in vertical lines exactly under one another. Hence any restoration that is made must include the actual letters on the stone, but need not keep to the same number of letters in a line. Böckh by the aid of bold conjectures made up the *lacunae* on the *στοιχηδόν* principle, and interpreted the whole as a record of building expenses. But such conjectures could only be allowable supposing there existed a considerable uncertainty in the extant letters. Mr. Hicks assures us that this is not the case. He therefore reads it very ingeniously as a record relating to the sacrifices to be paid by some deme or society, and probably a list of the perquisites of the priests:—

"ΧΡΙΕ[ON : HEMIHE]KTEO[N : ΠΡΟΑΡΚΤ]
ΟΥΡΙΟΙ[ΣΙ : ΚΑΙ : ΤΟΙ : [ΒΟ]ΤΥΠΟΙ : Χ
[ΣΥΛ]Α : : : ΔΗΠΟΑ[ΙΟΙΣΙ] : ΤΡΙΣ : ΧΟΙΝΙ
[ΚΕΣ : ΠΕΝΤ]Ε : Μ[ΕΔΙΜΝΟΙ],"

i.e., in ordinary spelling, *κρίθων ἡμικτέων* (or *ἡμικτέων*) *Προαρκτουρίοις* [τῷ ἱερῷ?], καὶ τῷ *βουτύῳ* *ξύλα*. *Διπολίοις* τρεῖς *χοίνικες* πέντε *μέδμνοι*. Mr. Hicks' commentary on this should be read in which he defends the above conjectures by a comparison of similar lists of sacrifices. The restorations τῷ *βουτύῳ* and *Διπολίοις* may, we think, be accepted as certain, and *Προαρκτουρίοις* and *ξύλα* as extremely probable. The latter is defended by the repeated mention of *φρύγανα* in the similar inscription in Rangabe, no. 816. We wish, by-the-by, that Mr. Hicks had quoted the parallels more at length, both here and in other cases, as the volumes and periodicals edited by Greek savants are not in every library. The identification of the little fragment no. 30 is also a good piece of original work, though it does not yield so much.

With regard to the exercise of the critical

faculty in the determination of dates, we do not know that Mr. Hicks has had much opportunity for the achievement of such successes. A very fair specimen, however, of his ability in this respect will be found in the commentary on no. 21, the decree of the guild of Sarapiasts, which he assigns with great probability to about 150–100 B.C. More interesting still is the argument from a combination of internal evidence by which the fragment of regulations of the Eleusinia (no. 19) is referred to the reign of Marcus Aurelius. But in this case Mr. Hicks is chiefly indebted to Dittenberger's commentary.

JOHN WORDSWORTH.

Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines. By Robert Hunt, F.R.S., Keeper of Mining Records; and F. W. Rudler, F.G.S., assisted by numerous Contributors. In Three Volumes. Seventh Edition. (London: Longmans & Co., 1875.)

THE Great Exhibition of 1851 did much to promote the application of science to the useful arts, and during the last five and twenty years our industrial arts have flourished and progressed to an extent quite unknown before. One of the main advantages of the first and of all succeeding international exhibitions has been to bring before our notice the industrial products and processes of other countries, and thus to enable us to compare them with our own. This comparison has often proved to us that our own processes are inferior to those of other countries, and that our own artisans and manufacturers are less educated than those of neighbouring countries. Then there came a great cry for the better education of artisans, coupled with the establishment of local museums of arts and manufactures, emanating in many instances from the great central institution of South Kensington. Thus it happens that so great a stimulus has been given to our arts and manufactures, and that scores of new processes are patented and put in practice every year. Thus also it happens that Dr. Ure's *Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures* has attained its seventh edition and its present magnitude. The book has always been welcome as a work of general reference, and as almost indispensable to the manufacturer. Whether it be the brewer, or the dyer, or the cotton spinner, he will find a *résumé* of all that is important in his manufacture:—the newest dye, the last invented gun, the new methods of boring rocks, the new blasting agents, are all described in detail, and the description in nearly all necessary cases is accompanied by a good woodcut.

During the lifetime of the promoter and first editor of this work it went through four editions; in 1858, Mr. Robert Hunt became editor, and this is the third edition which has been called for during his editorship. He has associated with himself a number of men each a master in his own branch of science or art. We find the names of such eminent men of science as Dr. Frankland and Professor Ramsay, side by side with those of eminent manufacturers. The general result has been that every article is complete in itself, and that it embodies the opinions of sound practical

men well acquainted with the subject which they discuss. It is, however, somewhat to be regretted that articles are not signed by their respective authors.

We will briefly notice some of the more important articles. The article on *Alcohol* commences with an account of the production of that substance, and the general theory of fermentation. The preparation of alcohol is divided into three stages:—

1. The production of a fermented vinous liquor—the Fermentation.

2. The preparation from this of an ardent spirit—the Distillation.

3. The separation from this ardent spirit of the last traces of water—the Rectification.

This is followed by an account of the properties of absolute alcohol, and a number of very useful tables are given to show the specific gravities of mixtures of alcohol and water, and the percentages of absolute alcohol. We find also tables to show the relative strength of different fermented liquids, ranging from London small beer with 1.28 per cent. of alcohol, to Scotch whisky with 54.32; while midway we have burgundy with 14.57 per cent., and port with a percentage of 22.96. A curious table is given, on the authority of Dr. Bence Jones, to show the relative stimulating powers of different liquids, beginning with cider, the stimulating power of which is taken at 100, and ending with rum, whose stimulating power, according to the same scale, is 1243, or nearly 12½ times greater than that of cider. From these results it may be deduced that ten glasses of cider or porter, six glasses of claret, five glasses of burgundy, four glasses of champagne, three glasses of port, sherry, or marsala, are equal to one glass of brandy.

An interesting article on *Alloys* contains tables giving the analysis of various ancient coins and bronzes, and also of all the principal modern alloys of copper, such as Muntz's metal and aluminium bronze. Under the heading *Aluminium* we find a complete account of the manufacture of that body in Newcastle. Considering the enormous extent of the aniline-dyes industry, the article devoted to them is, we think, rather meagre, but separate treatises exist on the subject. The article on *Artillery* contains some capital woodcuts showing sections of the breech of Armstrong's and of Whitworth's guns; we also notice an account of the most recent experiments and deductions on the subject. An exhaustive article of nearly one hundred pages treats of *Calico Printing*, and an article of more than fifty pages on *Coal* (no doubt by the editor) contains all the most recent returns of coal raised in various parts of the world, and of the consumption. In the great plain of China there are no less than 30,000 square miles of coal-bearing ground, and coal costs here only 7d. per ton at the pit-mouth, while the wages of the miners are 6d. a day. The account of *Diamonds* furnishes us with the most recent details concerning the South African Diamond Fields, from which we learn that the largest South African diamond (the "Stewart") was discovered in November, 1872. It weighs 288½ carats, and is a fine straw-coloured octohedron; it is only exceeded in weight by three diamonds in the world—the Great Mogul, the Nizam, and the Mattan.

Under the heading *Distillation* a very clear description, accompanied by a woodcut, will be found of Coffey's very complicated vertical steam still, which is now used in all the large distilleries. The saving of coal effected by this still is so great that Dr. Muspratt has calculated that throughout the kingdom no less than 140,000 tons per annum of coal are saved. The working of the still is on a gigantic scale, and one of them recently erected in Leith works off no less than 3,000 gallons an hour. Under the article *Diving Bell*, the author remarks that it is curious to find that as early as 1693 a diving bell was designed, but George Sinclair (d. 1696) wrote his treatise *De Urinatoria* long before this; moreover, Robert Fludd describes a diving apparatus in his *Historia Macrocosmi* (1617), and before him Nicholas Tartaglia, the Italian mathematician (b. 1500). A valuable and well-illustrated article on the *Dressing of Ores* receives additional importance from the knowledge that the editor and sub-editor and several of the contributors are officially connected with the School of Mines—the first school of mining in the kingdom; and no doubt this article is from the pen of one of them. It contains all the most recent methods and processes. Among other noticeable articles are: a long article on coal gas, its manufacture and products of distillation; an account of Mr. Siemens' gas furnace; and a long account of the extraction and manufacture of iron.

In the third and last volume the first articles which strike one are those relating to mines and mining; they are very concise and comprehensive, and embody all the most recent knowledge. The mineral statistics, compiled by the editor, are of great interest and importance. Mint operations are fully described, and the very complex balance which automatically weighs every coin, rejecting those which are too light or too heavy, is figured and minutely described. We have also a long account of the manufacture of sugar, by a practical sugar refiner, and many sketches of recent improvements.

Throughout the more than 3,000 pages of the work we find constant references to original memoirs, to specifications of patents, and to other books. A vast amount of research has from first to last been expended on the book, and each succeeding edition has improved it very much. In this last edition the whole of the type has been reset, and a number of woodcuts have been added. It will be useful to the general reader, by furnishing him with information on general subjects of arts and manufactures, while to the manufacturer himself it will furnish the minutest details of his craft. The work has been so much improved by successive editions that we have no fault to find with it at all, and we can cordially recommend it to our readers.

G. F. RODWELL.

SCIENCE NOTES.

ASTRONOMY.

Transit of Venus.—In the *American Journal of Science* Professor Newcomb has given a summary of the operations of the American expeditions. The contacts were well observed at the three northern stations, in Siberia, China, and Japan; but unfortunately ingress was only secured at Queenstown in New Zealand, a station of com-

paratively little value for this phase, and egress only in Tasmania, the Americans having had very bad luck in the matter of weather. Professor Newcomb seems to place some reliance on observations of external contact, which was observed at ingress at Kerguelen, but the observation is so largely dependent on the telescope used that great caution is necessary in accepting results from such observations. In their photography the Americans were much troubled by the weather, their unsilvered glass mirrors not giving a sufficiently bright image of the sun when faint from haze, and thus there were a very large proportion of failures, only forty photographs out of 250 taken at Hobart Town being good; but notwithstanding the bad weather no less than 163 good photographs were secured at northern stations, and 187 at southern, a result which does great credit to all concerned. From a combination of the results obtained by all nations, Professor Newcomb considers that the sun's parallax will probably be determined within 0".02, and his distance within 200,000 miles, but unforeseen sources of error may modify this estimate considerably.

M. ANDRÉ has communicated to the French Academy of Science the result of a comparison of the difference of durations observed at Nouméa (New Caledonia), and St. Paul's Island. The results obtained from one of the telescopes at Nouméa compared with those at St. Paul's agree well with the received value of the solar parallax 8".86, but the other two telescopes give results differing much from this, and these observations are therefore suppressed. The two stations are not at all favourably placed for comparison of durations, and the results seem to have been worked out solely with the view of getting something tangible out of the observations, and cannot be expected to decide such a delicate question as that of the sun's parallax. There seems too to be some risk of the danger which M. Le Verrier predicted of the suppression or modification of some of the observations as the result of such partial discussions.

The reduction of the English observations is proceeding vigorously, and all instrumental errors that could possibly affect the results are being carefully determined, but many months must still elapse before the final value of the sun's parallax could be obtained, even if the English observations alone were used, and we must probably wait for years before the data collected by all nations are combined into one grand result.

The Eclipse of (A.D.) 1239.—Dr. Celoria has exhaustively discussed the accounts of this solar eclipse, which was total in North Italy, and seems to have produced a great impression wherever it was visible. In particular it terrified the besiegers of Castelfranco so much that they precipitately raised the siege and removed to Verona. Most of the reports are extremely vague, so that it is difficult to make out whether the eclipse was really total or not at some of the places mentioned, though it is particularly stated at all those which Dr. Celoria has admitted, that the stars were seen as clearly as at night. There is, however, an account by an old monk, Ristoro of Arezzo, which is admirable for its precision, it being stated in particular that totality lasted for a space of time during which a man could easily walk 250 paces, which would give a duration of about two and a half minutes. If there had only been a few more such accurate observers, the place of the moon could have been fixed with great certainty from a comparison of the duration of totality at different places. As it is, Dr. Celoria considers that Hansen's Lunar Tables carry the band of totality nearly 1° too far south, but how far this results from an error in the longitude of the moon, and how far from an error in the place of the node of her orbit, cannot well be determined from the data at present accessible. If any accounts could be found in the South of France, or in the North of Spain, an im-

portant result might be obtained. Both Professor Schiaparelli, who first collected the notices of this eclipse, and Dr. Celoria, who continued the work and discussed them, have, however, done good service by their labours. Before their investigation records of the eclipse had only been discovered at Mirabeau and Digue in the south-east of France, and at Lesina on the Adriatic.

Satellites of Saturn.—In the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 2043, Mr. Marth gives an ephemeris of the satellites of Saturn, which will greatly facilitate observations of these objects, as they are very liable to be confused with small stars in the neighbourhood. There is considerable uncertainty about the positions of the innermost satellite Mimas and the outermost Iapetus, and no ephemeris is given for Hyperion, the last discovered, as trustworthy observations are wanting for this satellite. The places of the other five are tolerably correct, but observations are much wanted of this extremely interesting system about which so little is known, the mutual perturbations of the satellites and the effect of the ring being most important questions, which can only be solved by accumulated observations. With the view of facilitating these, Mr. Marth has given the approximate times of conjunction of the several satellites with the planet. Eclipses, occultations, and transits only occur when the earth is nearly in the plane of the ring (every fifteen years), except in the case of Titan, whose orbit is considerably inclined to the ring.

Spectra of Stars.—Professor d'Arrest has concluded his spectroscopic survey of the Northern heavens, which has occupied him continuously for more than a year. The conclusions he arrives at are: (1) that the third type of spectrum (channelled spaces) is not exclusively confined to orange or red stars, and that several deep-hued orange stars give an ordinary spectrum. Perception of colour (especially red) depends so much on the eye of the observer that Professor d'Arrest's result must be taken rather as a caution against a hasty generalisation than as disproving any connexion between colour and the nature of the spectrum; (2) that the fourth type of spectrum is much more closely connected with deep orange or red stars, and that the bands in this spectrum may be resolved into a number of fine lines; (3) that as a rule such striking spectra accompany variability in a star; (4) that no general difference can be traced between the spectra of stars in one part of the heavens and of those in another, so that there is no truth in the assertion that the red and yellow are wanting in all the stars of Orion.

In the same number of the *Astronomische Nachrichten* which contains the above paper is a notice of the death of its author on June 14 after a few days' illness; an announcement which will be received with deep regret by all astronomers. Professor d'Arrest has closed a career of great usefulness with his valuable work on the spectra of stars, having all through life made the most of the means at his command, which were very limited, though in his hands they afforded results which have not been equalled with the largest instruments elsewhere. Only last February the medal of the Royal Astronomical Society was awarded to him for his grand catalogue of nebulae, the main feature of his work being the accuracy both of the positions and of the descriptions, and in his speech on that occasion Professor Adams paid a well-deserved tribute to Professor d'Arrest's skill and perseverance. D'Arrest's name is inseparably associated with that of the periodical comet which he discovered in 1851. This comet has a period of six and a half years, and appears to belong to the Jupiter family.

PHILOLOGY.

AMONG the great number of Greek writings lost for ever, and known only from quotations, the most to be regretted are the historical works of

Alexander, called Polyhistor, pupil of Krates. Alexander was made a prisoner in the wars against Mithridates and bought by Cornelius Lentulus, who entrusted to him the education of his sons. He lived about 85 B.C. at Rome, where he met his death in a fire. It is said that he wrote forty-two works; among these is a history of the Oriental nations, of which fragments still exist; those concerning the Jews are to be found partly in some of the fathers, and chiefly in the writings of Eusebius. Although it has long been proved that these fragments are far from being accurate, still they are sufficient to show how valuable his history would have been to illustrate the habits and thoughts of Oriental nations. Dr. Freudenthal, well known by his excellent monograph on the fourth book of the Maccabees (*ACADEMY*, 1869, p. 15), continues, under the name of *Hellenistische Studien*, his researches on later Hellenistic writers. He begins the critical examination of Alexander's fragments concerning the Jews, as well as of those of Demetrios Eupolemos, Malchos-Kleodemos, Aristas Artapanos, and an anonymous Samaritan historian on the same subject. Dr. Freudenthal's comparisons of the biblical accounts of those fragments with some of the Midrashim and other Agadic books are both new and remarkable. It is clearly shown that there was current among the Greek-speaking Jews a kind of Agadah which Dr. Freudenthal rightly calls "a Hellenistic Midrash," just as there was among the Hebrew-speaking Jews. These kind of researches on later Hellenistic writers, so successfully carried on by Professor Jacob Bernays, of Bonn, in his monographs on "The Chronicles of Sulpicius Severus," on "Theophrastus' Book on Piety," and others, published as programmes of the Rabbinical school at Breslau, and now continued by his successor, Dr. Freudenthal, are of the greatest importance for the history of the New Testament writings as well as for early Christianity. Dr. Freudenthal's notes at the end of the second fasciculus, as well as the Greek texts of some fragments, collated with MSS. and various editions, enhance greatly the value of his monograph. We may mention by-the-by that he is going to bring out a monograph on Isaac Israeli, the first Jewish philosopher, who lived at the beginning of the tenth century.

THE Rev. W. R. Burgess, Vicar of Hollowell, has published a specimen of a critical commentary on the Hebrew Psalter, with the view of ascertaining what reception such a work may expect from English scholars. He speaks apologetically in his preface of the low level on which he moves, that of "archaeological research and literary criticism." Perhaps there are some among us who will not be disposed to accept this modest disclaimer on behalf of philological criticism. The specimen bears the title "Exsurget Deus; a Critical Commentary on the 68th Psalm," and is published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate. It shows both learning and independent thought, though the new translations are seldom plausible in proportion to their boldness. We extract a few renderings: Ver. 10. "With a shower of free gifts (sc. *manna*), O God, didst Thou rain down upon Thine inheritance, and when it was fainting Thou didst refresh it with Thy living creatures (sc. quails)." Ver. 14, 15. "What though you (Issachar) lie between the sheep-folds, as if they were the wings of a dove (yourself the dove), that is covered with silver, and whose feathers are yellow gold; When the Almighty (Shaddai) scattereth kings therein (sc. within the borders of Issachar), in Salmon there is (as it were) snow." On the latter words Mr. Burgess compares a description in Macaulay of the battle of Aghrim, "he saw the country . . . white with the naked bodies of the slain." Ver. 20. "Blessed be the Lord (Adonai) who daily pardoneth us: this God is our salvation." Ver. 28. "There is little Benjamin (who was afterwards) their devastator, the princes of Judah (afterwards) their thunderbolt, the princes of Zabulon, the princes of Naph-

tali." In ver. 19 Mr. Burgess would render "Mattanoh in Edom" (for "gifts among men"), referring it to the Mattanah of Num. xxi. 18, 19. He thinks it is an echo of an ancient song of triumph, similar to the archaic fragment in Num. xxi. 14, where he identifies "Vaheb in Suphah" with "Mattanah in Edom," connecting "Vaheb" with the Arabic *wahaba* "he gave," and taking Suphah, "tempest," = Seir, which seems to us simply incredible. On the whole we recommend the application of the Horatian "nonum prematur in annum."

Analecta Liviana. Ediderunt T. H. Mommsen et G. Studemund. Accedunt tabulae quinque. (Leipzig.) This little work will interest not only every student of Livy, but every one who cares to realize for himself the earliest forms in which the text of Roman authors has been preserved. It contains five plates executed in photolithography and representing specimen pages of the four earliest manuscripts of Livy. The first is taken from the Veronese palimpsest, which contains fragments of books iii. to vi.; the second from the Codex Puteanus (Paris 5730); the third and fourth from the Codex Vindobonensis, containing fragments of the fifth decade; the fifth copies part of the Vatican fragment of book 91. To these Mommsen has added a few pages of explanation and comment, which, with a complete conspectus of the manuscripts of the third decade, amounting to eighty-two, several pages in which variants from these manuscripts as collated for Mommsen by different friends are given, and a statement as to the relation of the Puteanus to the Turin fragments and the Spires manuscript, so far as the readings of this last can be ascertained from the Munich leaf recently discovered by Halm, and the citations of Rhenanus in his edition (Basel, 1535), form the larger, though not the newest or most interesting, portion of the work. This is a close and obviously very careful copy by Studemund of the fragments of the Turin palimpsest; these fragments are contained in eight leaves, and are taken from book xxvii., c. 11, 12, 13, 31, 32, 33, 34, and book xxix., c. 12, 21, 22. They had already been ascertained to belong to Livy by an Italian savant, Count Baudi a Vesme, and had been transcribed by Mommsen, of whose papers Studemund has made use in re-examining the leaves. It can hardly be doubted that this work, with Mommsen's earlier edition of the Veronese fragments, will contribute much to determine the question of the relation of the manuscripts of Livy to each other. Madvig's view as to the exclusive supremacy, archetypally speaking, of the Puteanus, will require henceforward a more complete investigation.

Heinzel's *Geschichte der Niederfränkischen Geschäftssprache* (Paderborn, Schöningh), is an investigation of extraordinary minuteness and fullness of detail—such as it is popularly assumed only a German is capable of carrying out. Its subject is the language spoken on the Rhine from Mainz to the Netherlands—as far, at least, as it is represented in official documents, charters, &c. These dialects are of great interest as being the connecting links between High and Low German. Heinzel distinguishes no less than eleven of them, with a large number of lesser varieties, which he distinguishes most systematically by means of exponents II*, VII*, &c. All of these are treated in separate sections; the documents are enumerated and criticised, the geographical extent of the dialect and its relation to other dialects at different periods are fully investigated, and lastly, its characteristic features are described, based chiefly on its phonetic peculiarities.

The details are, of course, of little interest except for specialists, but the whole plan of the work deserves the most attentive study from all who are engaged in similar investigations. The prefatory remarks on the various criteria for deter-

mining the value of documents as linguistic witnesses are, however, of more general interest. So also are the excursions on general questions of Teutonic philology. The first of these treats of the change of *a, i, u* into *e* and *o* in the West Germanic languages (following Scherer's division of East and West Germanic); the second of the Lautverschiebung; and the third of the modern high German diphthongs, *ai, au, eu*. All of these essays show a praiseworthy striving after definite physiological determination of the various sound-changes—their value will depend on that of the views of Scherer and Brücke, on which they are based. Thus, in the first excursus, Heinzel takes for granted Scherer's hypothesis that vowel-changes are the result of the attempt to modify the tone of the vowels by raising or lowering. To most English phoneticians of the present school, this is putting the cart before the horse; changes of tone result from physiological tendencies of the organs of speech, economy of energy, and so forth, not *vice versa*. The long dissertation on the Lautverschiebung, in which Heinzel seems partly to follow Scherer, partly to modify his views, we confess to not having had courage enough to read through. Would that some scholar endowed with the un-German virtue of conciseness would give us an impartial survey of the enormous mass of literature that has accumulated round this subject.

PROFESSOR E. MARTIN's edition of the famous old Flemish satirical beast-epic the *Reinaert* (Paderborn: Schöningh) deserves the attention of all who are interested either in the language or literature. It not only gives a careful text with the various MS. readings, but also a general literary introduction, together with a glossary, notes, and a brief sketch of the old Flemish inflections and metre.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Monday, July 5).

SIR SIDNEY SMITH SAUNDERS, C.M.G., President, in the Chair. The President announced the decease of Mr. Henry Doubleday, one of the original members of this society, and Mr. Stainton made some remarks on the great services that he had rendered to Entomology.

Mr. Dunning remarked that the Ornithoptera bred by Mr. Sealy from larvae taken at Cochín, South India, and exhibited by him at a recent meeting, had been identified as *O. Mimos*.

Mr. Bond exhibited two specimens of a *Curculio*, sent from Nova Fribourgo, Brazil, which were attached to the same twig, and were both attacked by a fungus. Mr. Janson said that they belonged to the genus *Hylopus*, and were well known to be subject to such attacks.

The President exhibited a lock taken from a gate at Twickenham, entirely filled with the cells of a species of *Osmia*, which Mr. Smith said was, most probably, *O. bicornis*, of which he had known several instances in locks. He also exhibited an example of the minute *Hylechthrus rubi*, one of the Stylopidae, parasitic upon *Prosopis rubicola*, recently obtained from briars imported from Epirus; and remarked upon a method of expanding the wings of Stylopidae. He also exhibited a series of *Halictus nitidusculus*, stylipoided, and recommended entomologists on the South Coast to search in August for stylipoided Halicti, especially on thistles. Finally, he remarked on the parasites of *Osmia* and Anthidium, and enumerated eleven insects attacking the same species of *Osmia* in its different stages, some devouring the egg and pollen paste, some the larvae, and others attacking the bee itself.

Mr. Champion exhibited a series of recently captured individuals of *Chrysomela cerealis* from Snowdon, its only known British locality. Mr. McLachlan stated that he had recently seen this species in the department of Saône-et-Loire in France in great numbers, each ear of wheat

having several of the beetles upon it; and remarked on the singular nature of its sole habitat in Britain.

The Secretary exhibited nests of a trap-door spider, sent from Uitenhage, near Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony. The nests were not (as is usual) in the earth, but in cavities in the bark of trees, and the "trap-door" appeared to be formed of a portion of the bark; thus rendering it most difficult to detect the nests when in a closed condition.

Mr. Charles V. Riley, State Entomologist of Missouri, exhibited sundry insect pests that do so much damage in the State, including the army worm (*Leucania impuncta*), and the Rocky Mountain locust (*Caloptenus spretus*), and entered at some length into the habits of the latter insect, and the vast amount of destitution caused by it; stating that in a short period it devoured almost every living plant, leaving nothing but the leaves of the forest trees, and converting a fruitful country into an absolute desert. From a knowledge of the habits of the insect, and believing in its inability to exist in a moist climate, he had predicted that its ravages would not extend beyond a certain line, and he had seen these predictions fulfilled. Having noticed that hogs and poultry grew excessively fat from devouring the locusts, and considering that the use of them as food for man would tend to relieve some of the distress occasioned in the devastated districts, he had caused a number of them to be prepared in various ways, and they were found to be well suited for food, especially in the form of soup.

Mr. Riley also stated that he was very desirous to take a supply of the cocoons of *Microgaster glomeratus* to America to lessen the ravages of the larvae of the genus *Pieris* in that continent, and would be greatly obliged to any entomologist who could assist him in obtaining them.

The following papers were communicated:—"Descriptions of new Heteromorous Coleoptera belonging to the Family Blapsidae," by Professor J. O. Westwood; "Descriptions of a new Species of Myriopod from Mongolia," by Arthur G. Butler; "Descriptions of new Coleoptera from Australia," by Charles O. Waterhouse.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY (Tuesday, July 6).

S. BIRCH, LL.D., F.S.A., President, in the Chair. The following papers were read:—I. "On a Tablet in the British Museum, relating apparently to the Deluge," by H. Fox Talbot, F.R.S. This tablet, of which the beginning and end are lost, describes a panic terror which seized mankind and all animals at a time when some great calamity was impending over the world. It has been lithographed in plate 27 of the fourth volume of the *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*; it has not been previously translated, and several lines at the beginning of the tablet are broken and illegible. After this lacuna it proceeds as follows:—

"(1) One man ran to another. (2) The girl ascended to her topmost story. (3) The man ran forth from the house of his friend. (4) The son fled from the house of his father. (5) The doves flew away from their dove-cote. (6) The eagle soared up from his eyrie. (7) The swallows flew from their nests (8) The oxen and the sheep fell prostrate on the earth. (9) It was the great day; the Spirits of Evil were assembled."

The remainder of the story, with the exception of a few words, is broken off. II. "On an Early Chaldean Inscription of Agu-kak-nini and other Kings," by William Bosawen. The author pointed out the importance of the text as furnishing the names of five new early Chaldean kings, whose names were—Agu-kak-nini, the monarch of the inscription; Sasi-gurumas, Abi-orakas, Aqu-ragas, and Ummah-zirite. This last appears to have been the founder of the line. The author also pointed out the indications in the text of the probable Kassite origin of these persons as shown in the king claiming descent from the noble seed of the god Sugamuna; this

deity is identified with the Elamite or Kassite god Sumu, *W.A.I.*, ii. 65, 2. The king in his titles calls himself first of all "King of the Kassite," and of the "vast land of Babylonia." The inscription also illustrates the belief of the Chaldeans in the future life, for the gods are besought to be "favourable to him in heaven" and in the "house and land of life," and then follows the prayer that "he may attain to the highest heaven." The inscription also furnishes the names of the Chaldean goddesses in company with their consort gods. Reference is made to the great temple of Bit Saggadhu at Babylon.

FINE ART.

ART IN PARIS.

Paris: July 3, 1875.

The obsequies of the sculptor Barye were worthy of that great artist. The Academy of Fine Arts, of which he was a member, was represented by a certain number of Immortals belonging to the different sections. The artists who had been his friends, his admirers, or his pupils conducted him to the Cemetery of Père La Chaise. There a very characteristic incident took place. M. Henri Delaborde made a rather cold speech in the name of the Institute, in which he especially enlarged on the private qualities of the deceased, avoiding any mention of his theory, which was, indeed, very different from that of the other official sculptors. Immediately after him, the Director of Fine Arts, M. Ph. de Chennevières, spoke, and in presence of the Immortals, who grew red and pale with anger and surprise, said that Barye had belonged to the nervous epoch, to a glorious generation. He added that the centuries to come will take greater delight in the *Centaur and the Lapithæ*, *Theseus fighting the Minotaur*, the *Elephant overcoming a Tiger*, and other pieces, the small dimensions of which signified little, than in many a colossal figure and many a contemporary group; that he was what, in our own century, Géricault, Ingres, Delacroix, Rousseau, Corot, Millet, have been in their turn; that is to say, an artist who was the creator of his forms and of his method, a contemner of current commonplace, the slave of nature and of truth, independent of his time, and therefore worthy of all time. This speech, which was as regards its allusions purely revolutionary, shows how really violent is the struggle, though apparently courteous, between this powerful body and the Direction of Fine Arts.

It was an innocent and honourable revenge for the trick the Institute has just played this Direction. A Ministerial decree—not, as usual, preceded by a report—has instituted a superior Committee of Fine Arts, which must in future be consulted upon almost all business. The Director of Fine Arts is, therefore, reduced—and for our part we see only great advantages in this—to being simply the head of an office in the department. He will at least enjoy the security of not being carried away in the squalls that overthrow Ministries. But this superior Committee, which is created solely in the interests of the Institute, began by an action that has excited much amusement. It is empowered to draw up the list of the acquisitions the State may make from the Salon. It began by placing a work by one of its members, a very commonplace picture from every point of view—*Thamar*, by M. Alexandre Cabanel—at the head of the list. It may readily be imagined that this member of the Institute, who makes enormous sums by portraits, will draw back in consequence of the noise already made by this fact, which has been noticed by several journals, and will get his picture bought by more delicate means.

Barye was one of the original members of the Central Union of Fine Arts applied to Manufacture, a society that has already organised a very successful exhibition at the Champs Elysées, of which I gave you an account. The Central Union

at present possesses a house in the Place des Vosges, in the Marais, that is, in the quarter generally inhabited by the bronze founders. A general exhibition of Barye's works is to be organised there. I shall then speak to you of the well-filled life of this great artist, one of the most remarkable representatives of the romantic theory.

M. Frédéric Reiset, Director of the Museum of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, has addressed a very interesting note to the deputies and to journalists on the irksome position of our great institutions. This position is deplorable as regards acquisition, of which it only admits with extreme difficulty, and with an inferiority of result very evident in view of foreign institutions. We have had the pleasure of learning that the Commission on the Budget proposes to double the sum appropriated for such purchases. The Chamber will no doubt adopt the proposal, which really is still very modest.

The official world is too ignorant of the direct influence of the museums on the general welfare of the country, on the average of criticism they keep up, on the stimulus they give to excellence of workmanship in the productions of the higher industry. The French people, the population of Paris in particular, has such a singular method of working, of imbibing instruction while seeming to be sauntering about! Would you believe that, on an average, three thousand persons daily enter our museums; on Sunday, six thousand? The presence of men of the people, of workmen, in the museums and in the Salon, is a fact which has always struck foreigners in whose company I have walked through them. The penury of the budget obliged the Direction to open only on certain days, which was disastrous to the artist and to the artisan who required some piece of information at a given moment. The increase of the subvention will allow this inconvenience to be remedied in the first instance.

I have often spoken to you of the great movement which, if not very apparent, is certainly taking place in the public mind with regard to the application of our arts to industry. One of the best signs had been the creation, under the administration of Jules Simon, of commissions of enquiry. A very important work, issued by the national printing press, has appeared at the Ministry of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. It is entitled *Report addressed to the Minister by M. Duc, member of the Institute, in the name of the commission for perfecting the national manufacture of Sèvres*. I commend this work to all persons interested in ceramic art from a practical and aesthetic point of view. The manufactory of Sèvres has played too great a part in the history of Western ceramic art to admit of indifference regarding its fate. Hence, under the influence of different causes, of which the most serious are, I believe, the substitution of a scientific direction for an artistic direction, and also the raising of general education, which is, in our days, rapidly becoming superior to the lazy march of institutions subsidised by the State, the manufactory of Sèvres has deserved serious criticisms. Its exhibition last year in the Champs Elysées, on which I sent you a letter which has been considered too severe on my part, was really deplorable in regard to form and colouring. It was depressing to see such fine material used only for objects so vulgar and ornaments so wanting in originality. That which I said here and in the *République Française* with sorrow and in anxiety for the future, M. Duc has just said with a candour very rare in official documents among us.

He had said it with all the more authority that he is himself a proved artist. He gave the design and superintended the casting of that Column of July which was erected on the site of the ruins of the Bastille to the memory of the citizens who died for liberty in 1830, and in which this form is more agreeably revived than in any other monument of modern times. He is also the architect of the new Palais de Justice, a public building the

exterior of which shows classical feeling of a rather monotonous order, while the interior abounds in delicate details.

This report contains the analytical *compte rendu* of the sessions of which it gives the general summary. Herein, as in the books of our illustrious potter Bernard Palissy, we see "dame Theory engaged in a controversy with dame Practice." Here, as there, dame Theory gives, in pompous language, a multitude of counsels, which for an instant glitter before our eyes, and quickly explode like the soap bubbles with which children amuse themselves. One is surprised at the solemnity with which certain serious men propound puerilities, and dismayed at the gravity with which audiences generally receive these flowery inutilities. M. Duc, whom I believe to be very sarcastic, has reproduced several quotations of aesthetic formulae, read by his colleagues, who were at the time Directors of Fine Arts. At the same time, however, M. Duc is a man of sense, evidently concerned for the future of our great ceramic establishment, the fame of which has been so long spread over Europe, and which still possesses a staff and machinery equally unrivalled. Like Bernard Palissy in his *Discours Admirable*, M. Duc warns his readers against what he is careful not to believe—the opinions of those who say that theory has engendered practice. He gives extracts of some simple and substantial notes deposited in the bureau of the Commission by a painter, M. Lameire, and by an authority in ceramic art, now known all over the world, M. Deck.

To sum up, after having taken cognizance of everything constituting the elements of a serious enquiry; after having cast blame on the abuse of the reproduction of ancient models, on the want of attempts at originality, on oblivion of the modern spirit; after having praised the practical science of the artists, the Report of the Commission concludes with recommending an annual public competition for the model of a vase to be executed at the manufactory. The first competition took place this summer. The plans were exhibited at the School of Fine Arts. They certainly did not fulfil the hopes that had been formed of them.

The Report declared that "education and instruction alone are wanting to the aggregate of brilliant qualities possessed by the present artists of the manufactory of Sèvres." That is all very well, and it is clear that artists have everything to gain in regard to influence over the public by acquiring instruction and education. But this is only one of the isolated points in the vast question of public education. Now this, which has already made immense progress during the last twenty years, will not be complete until the French State opens in France museums analogous to the South Kensington Museum, to those which have been opened by all the nations around us, Belgium, Germany, Russia. It is there that by a sort of permanent imbibition, very superior to scholastic education, the taste of the public, the taste of the manufacturer who is in constant relation with it, who while obeying it can succeed in rectifying its errors, is formed. The *naïf* masterpieces of the Greeks, the Russians, the Chinese, the Japanese, speak far more eloquently than the professors.

The question of the uselessness of the institutions subsidised in France by the State will state itself and solve itself when the facts have proved, as they have already begun to do, that the monarchy itself has only been enabled to found and support state manufactories by forbidding all commercial competition by decrees now impossible. Nothing can, in the present day, resist the progress of science made available for the enterprise of private individuals, and the law of the vital competition between interests and needs. A new art will be born of these, which governments, assisted by academies, are altogether powerless to create.

It is generally regretted that a commission analogous to this was not created to investigate the condition of the manufactory of Gobelins,

which also has eminent artists and unique materials at its disposal, but which only produces at impossible prices, and orders its models from artists of the lowest mediocrity.

You know only too well what diluvian floods have devastated our south-western provinces. A French sculptor, M. Falguières, proposed in the newspapers to artists to organise a sale for the benefit of the sufferers. The season being very far advanced, it is to be feared that this sale will not be productive. Would not English artists be willing to contribute their mite in the great disaster? Could not your journal suggest this to them? If this project of a sale in London can be realised, it would awaken a ringing echo in France. PH. BURTY.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Final Notice.)

Water-Colours.—In this room we find very little worthy of detailed notice; but one painting, the *Monna Lisa* of Mrs. Stillman, ranks among the very best works of colour, and generally of artistic style, in the exhibition; it is rich, full, and firm—the subject being simply a young maiden, with disspread hair of a bright tawny hue, holding varicoloured roses in a shallow dish of blue china. The green sleeve and the grey parrot may be taken as testing-points for the colourist faculty in this work. Mrs. Stillman (late Miss Spartali) had the advantage of receiving her art-training from Mr. Madox Brown, and whatever she produces testifies to right guidance, as well as to her own genuine fineness of perception. Mr. Holiday has made an interesting and praiseworthy essay in his *Dante Allighieri, studied from a cast said to have been taken from the face of the poet after death*—the well-known cast in which, notwithstanding some counter-considerations, it is difficult not to believe. *The Hon. Eustace Vesey*, a young soldier, of handsome profile and gallant bearing, is a high-toned portrait by Mr. Clifford. *Furningham, Kent*, a landscape and figure-subject, by Mr. E. G. Dalziel, with some ladies and a shy girl, and some geese on the green, and the autumnal trees thinning down to leaflessness, has much delicacy and refinement. *Happy as a Queen*, by the same artist—a girl in a wheelbarrow, and a very plump woman—is also noticeable for finish. Mr. Huggins sends an admirable study of *Tigers*, softly terrific in their sinuous beauty. *The Campanile of St. Mark's, Winter Evening*, by Mr. Darvall, with rich contrasts of blue and orange, is a true and fine piece of colour.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, it appears, is to be decorated by Mr. Marks; two of his designs of *The Canterbury Pilgrims* are here displayed. The Wife of Bath was, no doubt, not a personage of very exalted faculties or very elevated views of life; but we object to seeing her reduced, as in this instance, to the level of an orange-woman. *Native Talent*, by Mr. E. Buckman, is catalogued as "decorative treatment of modern subject;" it portrays some Christy Minstrels and other vagrant personages, and deserves some attention, though no great charm of decoration would appear likely to result from such a method of presentment. Among the remaining water-colours we may specify:—Pilsbury, *When the Trees are Leafless*; Caffieri, *The Critics*; Miss A. Squire, *Garden Friends*; A. Hopkins, *The Mowers*; T. Pritchard, *Chaos in the Valley of Gavarnie, Pyrenees*; J. B. McDonald, *Strathgry*; Jopling, *In the Conservatory*; Miss E. Martineau, *Portrait of a Lady*, and Miss Emmeline Smith; T. Wade, *Spring Ploughing*; E. W. Andrews, *King's Lynn, Moonlight*; J. W. Smith, *The Mer de Glace, Chamounix*.

Crayon Drawings, Etchings, &c.—The Gallery contains few things more worthy of examination and praise than Mr. Raven's study, *Storm and Flood*, which may truly be termed a grand piece of work, and shows the great knowledge and capacity of this artist more decidedly than his oil-pictures often do: the Hanging Committee have

done an unrighteous act in placing it at the very top of the room. Two portraits of ladies by Mr. Sandys, that of *Theodore Martin, Esq.*, by Mr. Laurence, and that of *Dr. Newman*, by Lady Coleridge, are excellent productions; in the last the eyes are fine, and there is a great expression of sweetness and self-refusal in the mouth. Mr. T. G. Hunt's work, *May-blossoms, Children of W. H. May, Esq.*, and Mr. Ossani's drawing in coloured chalks, *Mrs. Pope*, should also be noticed.

Among the etchings, we can heartily commend the *Turner's Calais Pier, etching in two states of the plate*, by Mr. Haden; *Branscombe*, by Mr. Heseltine; *Old Inns at Exeter*, by Mr. Edwards; *On the Beach near Ventnor*, by Mr. F. Slocombe; *The Giudicca*, by Mr. J. H. Bradley; *Mrs. Rose, after Sandys*, by M. Rajon; and *View in the Campine near Breda*, by Mrs. Westlake.

Architecture.—In this section, various drawings by Sir Gilbert Scott are prominent, pertaining to the *Premiated Design for the New Parliament-house for the German Parliament*. There is in these an immense profusion of elaborate detail; but we discern little that looks like originality, or a definite leading idea. The building is a domed Gothic structure. The same architect sends *An Attempt at the Restoration of the Northern Transept of Westminster Abbey*, offering a formidable suggestion of committees, subscriptions, debates to and fro, and finally a great monumental building needlessly transmuted. Another scheme of alteration or decoration is set forth in the designs by Mr. Burges for *St. Paul's*. These works are "drawn and coloured by A. H. Haig," in pursuance of Mr. Burges's project, and perhaps, in some respects of colour-effect, do rather less than justice to his intentions. The bandeau of youthful angels just over the Whispering-Gallery is the detail which appears to us most promising; but, after allowing all that ought to be acknowledged in favour of the architect's talent and zeal, both of them indisputable, we must avow the opinion that something more satisfying than this ought to be proposed ere the decoration of *St. Paul's* is actually taken in hand. One of the best designs for new buildings is that of Mr. Street, *South-west View of the Church of St. Paul in the Via Nazionale, Rome, now being erected for the use of the American Church*, with courses of red and drab brick. We like also Mr. Shaw's *View of House now erecting in Queen's Gate, Kensington*; a fine and sensible design, in a freely treated seventeenth-century style, with square-headed windows. Messrs. Lee and Smith, and Messrs. Spiers and Phipps, send *Competitive Designs for the Church of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre*. The former is in elaborate French-Gothic, of the thirteenth or fourteenth century: the latter is said to have been "honourably mentioned"—which appears to have been a rather gratuitous compliment.

Sculpture.—The most memorable work in this section—and a very fine work it is, worthy to take a foremost place in perpetuating the bodily semblance of a great man—is the *Thomas Carlyle* by Mr. Boehm. Of this our pages have already borne record: also of the *Dead Leander* and the *Philosophy* of Mr. Armstead. Three important works of the late Mr. Foley are included in the exhibition, all of them well worthy of his fame. The late *Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart., M.P.*, executed in bronze for *St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin*, a robed and seated figure, is an honest and strong work, though not of a very interesting kind. *Stonewall Jackson, bronze, presented by friends in Great Britain to Virginia*, has a grand fearless face, and a pose which matches with that. *The Prince Consort, marble, executed for the University of Cambridge*, is one of the few effigies of this personage, much belauded in words, and much belied by chisels, that we can look at with gratification,—very dignified, without becoming pretentious. The Prince is naturally represented in his robes as Chancellor of the University.

The *Ione* of Mr. T. MacLean should go far to-

wards establishing the reputation of its author, as not only a rising but a risen man. The Grecian maiden is seated with simple and easy grace; well-seated, so as to be comfortable herself, and not merely daintily posed for other people to look at. She is reading from a tablet in her hand, poised on her knee. With her finely moulded face and simple coiffure, she gives one the idea of a quiet yet superior nature—one to whom the gods have been kind, and who shall be loved by men. This figure looks agreeable and composes well from all points of view—a very important merit, and one which tests the sculptor's mettle. Two smaller works in marble by the same artist are also pleasant. *La Fleur des Champs*, a female figure with water-lilies at her feet, might perhaps be regarded as embodying aquatic or waterside vegetation, rather than that of the meadows. *The Finding of Moses* is elegant; but here a certain greater severity of treatment, proportionate to its subject, might have been desirable. The terracotta head of *Miss Florence Schütz* has uncommon purity and tastefulness.

The sculptural collection, although not of any exceptional value, contains various other works of considerable merit—especially the following.—E. Davis, *The Swing*, alto-rilievo, pretty and attractive. Tinworth, *Terra-cottas, representing several scenes from the Gospels*, the figures being arranged, without much refinement of style, in tiers one behind the other. Some of these groups are well invented and vigorously expressed; more particularly the *Release of Barabbas*, in which the malefactor is represented on one side, with his congratulators and Christ on the other, each descending the stairs, with Pilate standing in the middle. A. Bruce Joy, *Forsaken*, an unwedded mother who, in the agony of her shame, has stabbed her infant—energetic in emotion and action. Summers, *Lynceus and Hypermetra*, marble, a striking group of a defiant man and clinging woman. Lazzarini, *Innocence*, marble, a girl with a nestling. Simonds, *Cupid and Panther*, marble, with the motto "The course of true love never did run smooth." This is a work of much talent: Cupid is foiled as yet in attempting to back the panther, which is half-ferocious, half-fawning. Barzaghi, *A Bit of Vanity*, marble, a girl of about twelve years of age glancing backwards at the train of her dress. Percival Ball, *"If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem"*, marble, a recumbent female figure, forcible in expression. Roscoe Mullins, *Divided Affection*, marble, a little girl with a bird and a young cat. T. E. Harrison, *Dionysos*, boldly designed, under the influence of Michel Angelo's great style—a remarkable example. Richeton, *The Broken Pitcher*, terra-cotta, expressive and promising. J. W. Good, *Quiet to ride and drive*, bronze group, spiritedly composed. Monteverde, *Le Génie de Franklin*, marble; a bizarre work, in whose symbolism the lightning-conductor plays a leading part. Durham, *Rev. John Barlow, posthumous bust*. Dalou, *J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A.*, terra-cotta, excellent. Galiori, *Mrs. Collard Drake*, a little figure in terra-cotta, dressy, but clever in its way.

Here at length we finish with the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1875; having said next to nothing about the works which appear to us bad, but applying ourselves to the less unpleasant rôle of discussing the productions of able leading artists, and calling attention to meritorious examples by others whose repute with the public yet remains to be established. It must not be supposed however, from the paucity of censorious remarks, that we rate the exhibition very high: on the contrary, its general calibre is decidedly mediocre. Low aims, and superficial work; superficial, though very frequently clever. In one of the plays of the Jacobean dramatist George Chapman, *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, we find a few lines which members, associates, and exhibitors, of the Royal Academy, would do well to lay to heart, representing as they do only too faith-

fully the ideal, aims, and methods, of many of our artistic practitioners:—

"Since good arts fail, crafts and deceits are used.
Men ignorant are idle: idle men
Most practise what they most may do with ease,—
Fashion and favour; all their studies aiming
At getting money."

Chapman's speaker adds—

"Which no wise man ever
Fed his desires with."

We will not say that the artists of the present day may not allowably be "wise in their generation," and make money. Let them sell their works at such prices as they can command: only let them determine that those works shall first of all be good, and done for the sake of being good rather than for that of their money equivalent. With this proviso, we shall congratulate them when they interchange sterling art for sterling coin.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGISTS IN ROME.

THE British and American Archaeological Society in Rome closed its proceedings for the present season somewhat earlier than usual; namely, at the end of April. As to increase of members, financial circumstances, &c., report may be favourable; and on the whole it may be stated that this society continues to thrive, receiving encouragement with guarantees of future successes and support. During the last winter and spring the number of members, with tickets admitting two persons, was thirty-two; the families with tickets admitting five persons, sixteen; the associates with monthly tickets for one person, five only. The system of admitting such associates by the month was set aside by decision of the committee in the last winter; and henceforth only members for the entire season receive tickets, though in every case those who give lectures may invite friends to join their audiences. As in former years, the Society has kept up its method of supplying weekly lectures on Friday evenings, and afternoon conversazioni on Mondays, and has organised excursions, usually to sites or monuments referred to in the previous lectures, at least twice a week, weather permitting; on wet days the resources of a visit to the Vatican, or other museums, being frequently adopted, and much enjoyed, in lieu of some proposed expedition to distant spots. Mr. J. H. Parker, acting Vice-President of the Society, has been, as indeed from the first year of its existence, its principal supporting column and most energetic collaborator. By him was given the final lecture of this season; a *résumé* of the *scavi* and their results in treasure-trove of whatever kind, during the present year, in this city. The ample and valuable collection of photographs illustrating the entire range of heathen and Christian antiquities in and around Rome, executed by Mr. Parker's orders, are made the most efficient use of by that gentleman on occasion of his discourses (lectures from MSS. they are not, but throughout impromptu) on Friday evenings. He, moreover, frequently avails himself for further illustration of architectural drawings—diagrams and plans—prepared for him by an able draftsman, Signor Ciconetti. The other subjects treated by Mr. Parker during the past season were: *Aqueducts* (which he has specially appropriated), the tombs within the city walls, the early arts in the Christian cemeteries (or catacombs), the fortifying walls of Rome considered as works of different epochs, and (in more than one instance) recent antiquarian discoveries. The tombs within the Roman walls were the theme of another lecture, written for the Society by a well-known Italian archaeologist, Signor Lanciani, and read by another gentleman (not for the first time), before an approving audience this season. Lanciani's interesting paper lost nothing from its analogy of subject-matter with Mr. Parker's discourse. During the past season the Society had the benefit of the co-

operation and attendance of its noble President, Lord Talbot de Malahide, who spoke frequently on occasions of meeting, with such evidence of learning, fluency, and aplomb, as showed his familiarity with his subject, and his experience in connexion with similar societies. One long and well worked-up lecture was given by him (March 5) on "The Sack of Rome by the Troops of Bourbon"—more indeed than that title promised—for he passed in review the preceding sieges and sacks from which this much afflicted city has suffered, dwelling on the injuries done in the range of monuments and art.

There has been hitherto a deficiency of original lectures, several having been written for the Society in Italian, and read in English translation, comparatively few members of the Society coming forward with their own papers to read at the evening meetings; but in the late season two gentlemen were heard for the first time in the lecturer's chair, and in each instance proved their abilities and knowledge, and their careful study of the matter undertaken. Mr. F. Nichols (one of these gentlemen, and brother to the late Mr. J. Gough Nichols, whose name is distinguished) gave without MSS. an elaborate discourse—evidently the result of much investigation and classical studies thoroughly pursued—on "The Buildings on the Capitoline Hill," illustrated by good drawings and plans, his own performances. He argued to support the conclusion that the great temple of the Capitoline Zeus was situated on the Tarpeian Rock—the south-western, not on the north-eastern summit of that hill where the Ara Coeli church and convent now stand. Mr. Lane Conolly (an artist long resident in Rome, and whose lady also is a gifted artist) was heard for the first time in the Society's lecturing chair, on April 16—his subject "Ancient and Modern Fresco Painting." This lecture comprised a vast field, sufficient indeed for several such treatises, as Mr. Conolly passed in review, with accuracy and good taste, the entire history and chief productions of fresco art from its dawn in Greece till the period of Domenichino and the Carracci. I may (retrospectively) mention his lady's admirable lecture, though not given this season, on miniature and illuminative art, illustrated by her own beautifully-finished water-colour copies from the precious codices in Italian collections, the Vatican and others.

Mr. Parker's last appeal on behalf of the fund for *scavi*, in the name and on account of the Society, has met with a response couched in liberal donations during late months. The undertakings carried on by his orders have been worthy of note—e.g., the works for laying open the buried ruins of a great palace near the southern front of the Antonine Thermæ. Others I have mentioned in former communications.

To the above report of subjects brought before the Archaeological Society's attention this season, I should add the Colosseum, a primary one, for it was on this that the opening lecture of the season, at the beginning of December, was given by Mr. J. H. Parker, who indeed thrice treated of the same subject with special reference to the recent discoveries of long buried ruins, on two occasions repeating the substance of his discourses when the Society visited, under his guidance, the great amphitheatre now invested with new interest, and presenting new matter for antiquarian studies. Mr. Parker's explanation of the ruins in detail was disputed, as to some of his theories, by more than one member of the society at the conversazione. So also were certain views maintained by him respecting the Christian cemeteries and their primitive contents, as to which Lord Talbot, then in the president's chair, differed from the able lecturer. The recently exhumed statues were mentioned and criticised at the afternoon conversazione more than once; and at one of those meetings was read a paper on the museum founded by the Jesuit Father Kircher, in the Collegio Romano, now thrown open to the public, which museum the Society visited twice under guidance. Among

lectures written for the Society in Italian, and read from English versions this season, were the "Thermæ of Antoninus," by Signor Lanciani; and "The Mediæval Towers of Rome," by Signor Pellegrini. Some papers on the Sculptures in the Vatican, the Capitoline, and Lateran Museums, also on those in the Ludovisi Villa, were read on successive Friday evenings by your correspondent. The Society's library, mostly formed by donations, has developed into some importance, and lately by means both of purchase and presents of books worth having. Two desirable objects have been aimed at by the Society this season, and in each instance through letters addressed by its secretary to those in office: the alteration for the public benefit of the hours of admission into the Capitoline Museum; also the accomplishment of works declared to be in contemplation more than a year ago, for re-opening the great (anciently the sole) entrance to the Mausoleum of Hadrian, that arched portal opposite the St. Angelo bridge which has been closed ever since this imperial tomb served as a fortress for the garrisons of pontifical government. The new authorities maintain that edifice rather as a monument than a castle; but I am sorry to add that the antique portal still remains walled up, and but little of the building of Hadrian can be seen in its gloomy interior.

C. I. HEMANS.

ART SALES.

Mr. W. E. J. ROFFEY's collection—sold by Christie, Manson and Woods at the end of last week—was extremely miscellaneous, and by no means of the highest artistic interest. The only works worth mentioning in any detail are the few reserved for the end of Saturday's sale. Mr. Leighton's *Actæa* sold for 283*l.* 10*s.*, and was the only figure-subject of high aim. The landscapes by H. W. B. Davis, A.R.A., worthily attracted attention. *A Summer Afternoon*—cattle in sunshine—by this painter, fetched 630*l.* *A Panic*—the picture of wild cattle—was sold for 488*l.* 5*s.* It had been, through mistake, described in the catalogue as the well-known work exhibited at the Academy. It is, in truth, we believe, a replica, very much smaller, of the same: the great picture being the property of Mr. Morrison, of Carlton House Terrace. *The Obstinate Man*, by E. C. Barnes, realised 243*l.* 12*s.*; *Rescued*, by W. F. Yeames, A.R.A., 120*l.* 5*s.*; and *The Scarlet Letter*, by the same painter, 147*l.* The most "important" work was the *Salon d'Or, Hombourg*, by Mr. Frith, exhibited in the Royal Academy last year. It was knocked down for 1,995*l.*, which we understand to be a much smaller sum than that originally paid for it.

Monday's sale included a good many sketches, announced as the work of John Sell Cotman—but among the most entirely insignificant, not to say worthless, productions it would have been possible to assign to a great artist. Some elaborate drawings by Paul Sandby were offered for sale: one of the best of which, *Eton College from the Thames*, fell to the Lord Mayor's bid of 25*l.* 4*s.*

But the interest in Monday's sale was practically confined to the engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds, some of which were both rare and fine. The *Cherubs' Heads*—the subject of the picture in the National Gallery—a proof before letters, of Simon's engraving, fell, together with a print of the same, to Mr. Agnew for 34*l.* 13*s.* Mrs. Morris, engraved by J. R. Smith, a proof before letters, was bought by Mrs. Nosedá, for 27*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* *Lady Caroline Montague*—otherwise called "Winter"—by J. R. Smith, described as a brilliant and rare proof, was bought by Mr. Agnew for 69*l.* 6*s.* A choice proof of *Nelly O'Brien*—very rare—was bought by Mrs. Nosedá for 71*l.* 8*s.* A rare proof before letters of Valentine Green's *Countess of Aylesford* was bought for 70*l.* 7*s.* (Curria). And for the same great engraver's proof of *Georgiana*,

Duchess of Devonshire, 126*l.* was paid by Mrs. Nosedá.

On Thursday, the remaining works of Cornelius Varley were to be sold, and to-day what was left in the studio of Frederick Walker.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE have received from the Liverpool Dry Plate Company a brochure entitled *Every Man his own Photographer*, which describes the latest improvement in simplification of photographic practice. The improvement consists in the formation of a collodion emulsion containing bromide of silver, which when washed from all its soluble elements is redissolved in alcohol and ether and simply poured over a glass plate, and allowed to dry, when it is ready for use—no aqueous solution or washing of the plate being necessary. The Arctic Expedition carried out 200 ounces of this preparation, which seems peculiarly fitted for working in low temperatures where aqueous solutions are unworkable.

IN the market place at Keswick stands the town hall and attached to it is a small tower containing a clock and bell. The guide books tell us that this bell once hung in a building which stood on Lord's Island in Derwentwater, and some of them go on to add that it is a relic of the eleventh century. A dated bell of pre-Norman time would be a most surprising curiosity, more especially if, as in this case, the date were to turn out to be in Arabic numerals. There is, however, no small excuse for the popular belief as to the antiquity of this bell, for it is inscribed in clear characters which no one who sees can fail to read,

RO HD 1001

The letters and figures are of a distinctly seventeenth century character. There cannot be much doubt therefore that the date should read either 1601 or 1661, more probably the latter. Those persons who have examined our old bells know how very commonly we find mistakes in spelling, letters and ornaments turned upside down, and words or parts of words omitted. The workmen employed in bell-casting must have been for the most part illiterate persons. It is pretty certain that in this case they used the wrong figure-stamps, and thus added six hundred years to the date of their work.

THE death is reported from Vienna of the painter Christian Ruben on July 9, after a long and painful illness. Ruben is best known to the public as the painter of a picture entitled *Ave Maria*, which being tender and graceful in feeling, and happily reproduced, has been extremely popular ever since it first appeared at the Munich Exhibition in 1835. Ruben, who had studied under Cornelius ever since 1822, was a successful artist in 1841, when he was called to Prague to reform the Art Institute in that city, a task for which he showed himself well fitted. After eleven years of this work, however, Ruben migrated to Vienna, there to undertake a directorship of the Academy of Arts in the Austrian capital. This post he held for twenty years, at the end of which time he retired, leaving a school of rising artists behind him as witnesses to his zeal and industry. This excellent painter and true lover of art was born in 1805 at Trier, and was, therefore, in his seventy-first year at the time of his lamented decease.

THE *Dundee Advertiser* publishes an item of some interest to numismatologists. Having premised that money was once coined at Dundee, this journal states that the rarest specimen known of the local mint is a unique silver halfpenny of King Robert II. in very good preservation. It is the only one of that reign known to be in existence, and is, further, the only still existing regal halfpenny coined at Dundee in any reign. The coin is not much larger than a herring scale, and only weighs seven grains. On the obverse is a

profile of the king, and sceptre in front, with the legend "Robertus Rex," and on the reverse a cross, with mallets in quarters, and the legend "Villa Dyndei." This rare halfpenny is in the valuable collection of John Lornie, Esq., Kirkcaldy.

THE *Opimone* announces the discovery at Pompeii on July 3 of a quantity of pulverised wooden tablets containing writing. The director-general of the excavations, Commendatore Fiorelli, has gone to Pompeii to superintend the recovery of the tablets, part of which still remain below the soil. It is said that the only tablets of the kind hitherto discovered are those found in the *Fodinae aurariae* of Hungary, and published by Massmann, the authenticity of which has been the subject of considerable dispute.

THE Fine Arts Loan Exhibition at Dresden, which is to remain open till the end of August, appears from the report of the German papers to be one of the most successful of its kind. The King of Saxony has enriched the present exhibition with numerous articles belonging to the State and family *preciosa*, among which none are more curious than the hunting and toilette services of the Elector Augustus the First of Saxony, who died in 1586. These include richly chased and damascened razors, knives, combs, brushes, &c., remarkable for high finish, elaborate ornamentation, and originality of design. The "Kurländer" Palace, in which the exhibition has been held, is not without interest. The hall of mirrors, decorated by Casanova, contains some of the most delicate and characteristic specimens of the Rococo age to be found in Germany, and has, moreover, the sensational reputation of having been made the scene of the charlatan Schroeffer's assumed powers of spirit-raising in the summer of 1774.

A RAILWAY has lately been opened between Rome and Orvieto which will no doubt have the result of taking many tourists and visitors, especially students of art, to that interesting mediæval city. It is to be hoped in the modernisation that a railway is almost sure to bring with it that care which will be taken to preserve the ancient features of the city. The façade of the cathedral has lately been restored, but this was a necessary work of preservation and has been done with great care and judgment.

A MONOGRAPH upon Masaccio entitled *Masaccio og den Florentinske Malerkonst paa hans Tid* has lately been published in Copenhagen by the Danish art critic, Frederik G. Kundtson, who has devoted many years to a searching study of the works of the early Italian master and his contemporaries. The *Kunstkrønike* promises a German translation of the work very soon.

IN the competition that took place a short time ago for the painting of the curtain of the Dresden Theatre, it was Professor Ferdinand Keller of Karlsruhe, and not Hans Makart, as was generally supposed, who carried off the palm. Ferdinand Keller, who gained great distinction as the painter of *Nero* at the Vienna World Exhibition, has many characteristics in common with Makart; but, although these two artists may be said to paint, as a German critic expresses it, "from the same palette," they express very different thoughts with their colours. Keller passed a great portion of his early life amid the magnificent scenery of the river Amazon in South America, and gained in the primeval forests a knowledge and love of tropical nature that are constantly apparent in his works. He is now professor of anatomy and figure-drawing in the art schools of his native town.

THE German inhabitants of Milan, in expectation of the proposed visit of the German Emperor to that city in August, have commissioned the Commendatore Gaetano Speluzzi to design a medal to be presented to the Emperor on that occasion. Speluzzi's design is a flat disk of silver divided into several compartments, in the

middle one of which is represented a Victory leaning on a shield, with the sun and stars of greater magnitude in the background. On the obverse of the medal are four of the principal buildings of Milan, the Cathedral, the Arch of Sempione, the ancient Hospital, and the Certosa, near Pavia. The words *Sapientia*, *Fortitudo*, *Perseverantia*, and *Munificentia*, are engraved in gold on the outer circle, as well as figures representing *Minerva*, *Mars*, *Mercury*, and *Ceres*, with their respective attributes. The whole is said to be very effective in design.

THE Archaeological Congress of France will hold its forty-second session this year at Châlons-sur-Marne, under the direction of the Société Française d'Archéologie. The session will open on Monday, August 23, in the grand salon of the Hôtel de Ville, and will close on Saturday the 28th. Excursions will be made to all the most interesting monuments in the town and neighbourhood.

THE Pope has created M. Gaillard, who recently executed a fine portrait of the Holy Father, a chevalier of the order of St. Gregory the Great.

THE *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* opens with a second article on the Salon by Anatole de Montaiglon, illustrated by numerous engravings from artists' sketches for their picture, and a very fine etching by Léopold Flameng from Bonnat's portrait of M^{me}. Pasca. Among the sketches the most interesting is a pen-and-ink drawing by Alma Tadema of his well-known *Picture Gallery*, exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, and now in the Salon under the title of *Portraits Commandés*. The French critic is somewhat severe on the style of art of this "half-English Dutchman," and points out numerous inconsistencies in his archaeological lore. A small statue in bronze of Louis XV. standing on a shield, supported by four warriors, which by some accident or other escaped the destruction that fell upon almost all monarchical monuments during the French Revolution, is described and commented upon by Louis Courajod, who proves it to have been executed by J. B. Lemoyne, a French sculptor of the eighteenth century, and to have been originally designed for a monument that was to have been set up in one of the public places of Rouen. The monument itself was never erected, but Louis XV. had the model for it cast in bronze, and this, owing to its small size probably, was overlooked in the fury of the Revolution, and remains in the Louvre to the present day, although its history has not hitherto been known. Some other interesting particulars regarding the fate of works of art during the first French Revolution are also given in this article. In the other articles of the number, M. O. Rayet finishes his learned account of the statuettes found at Tanagra, and now in the Louvre. M. Louis Goussé continues his study of contemporary engravers, giving an account of the admirable plates in Jules Jacquemart's *Histoire de la Porcelaine*; and M. Alfred Darcel at last finishes the long history of the Costume Exhibition of the Union Centrale that has occupied the *Gazette* for so many months. A delicate etching by Jacquemart from a picture by Meissonier of a man reading by a window, in the Suermondt collection, adds materially to the artistic value of a very rich number.

IN the *Portfolio* for this month Mr. P. G. Hamerton continues his biography and criticism of Etty, telling especially the story of his foreign travels in 1816, which, as he truly says, appears to us of the present time "like a fragment of ancient history." The poor English artist, who was so entirely national in his tastes and habits that he could not go abroad without taking with him his beloved teapot, two kettles, sugar and tea to last a twelvemonth, suffered much from the change that continental customs naturally effected in his regulated mode of life. At Florence he became so depressed that he felt "unequal to the task of going to Rome and Naples," and complaining of

the "gloom" of fair Florence, left it after a four days' visit and set off homewards with the greatest impatience, crossing the Channel in a French vessel, and "travelling to London in a Deal coach with sentiments of love for every brick in the English metropolis." The "Technical Notes" deal with the method of Mr. G. A. Storey. These technical notes add considerably to the value of the *Portfolio* this year. The other articles of the number are—a thoughtful essay on "Some Characteristics of Artistic Movements," by G. A. Simcox; a review of W. B. Scott's poems; a biographical sketch of Rosa Bonheur with a Goupil photograph from a study of sheep; and a good etching, by Chattock, of the National Gallery picture by Old Crome—*Chapel Fields, Norwich*.

WE learn from the Fifth Annual Report of the Mint that the examination of the Records of that establishment relating to a period of more than two centuries was completed last year. A detailed account of them, by Mr. Joseph Redington, an assistant keeper of the Public Records, is printed in the appendix to this report. The examination was undertaken with a view to their speedy transfer to the Record Office, but this receptacle for our national muniments has not yet been able to find room for them. Among the earlier volumes of this series is one marked "A Booke for the Dies of Gold, Silver, &c., 1676 and 1677," which contains some curious entries, such as "Dies for the healing piece with the Angell," and "Dies for the healing piece with the Shipp," which evidently refer to the practice of touching for the King's evil. There are many account books relating to the great re-coining of 1696-97, containing full particulars of the quantity of metal re-melted and re-coined at the provincial mints of Bristol, Chester, Exeter, Norwich, and York. At this time Newton (not yet Sir Isaac) was Warden of the Mint, and there is a letter from him, dated June 21, 1697, to his deputy at Chester, calling attention to some information which had reached him "of some fowle Play, either among the Tellers or in the Melting House, or both, whereby the Money comes out worse than heretofore." A remonstrance, dated July 30, 1697, was addressed to Mr. Thomas Clarke, the Deputy Master, by his two colleagues, charging him with having treated them with "contempt and scorn," to which Clarke replied, "I have treated neither of you with contempt and scorn, not even when one of you did spitt in my face in the publique office." Newton and the then Master, Thomas Neale, seem to have done their best to pacify the disputants.

"We are much concerned," they write on one occasion, "to hear of y^e continu'd quarrels amongst you at the Mint. . . . and are resolved to come and hear both sides ourselves. . . . Till we come, let there be no further quarrelling, but let the publick business be peaceably carry'd on as it ought to be; for the Mint will not allow of the drawing of swords and assaulting any, nor ought such language we hear has been used any more amongst you."

Another of these books contains the accounts of the re-coining of a large quantity of old "hammered" gold coin of the reigns of James I., Charles I., and Charles II., which had up to 1733 been current under the name of "broad pieces." These coins were received under proclamation at the Mint, at the high rate of 4*l.* 1*s.* per ounce; and the transactions connected with their reception and re-coining extended from February, 1733, to July, 1734. The rudely-fashioned "hammered" money was in this way finally withdrawn from circulation.

M. W. TIESENHAUSEN, the well-known Oriental archaeologist, has recently contributed two very important articles to the *Revue de la Numismatique Belge*, in which he describes 181 Arabic coins hitherto unpublished or little known. Among these are many very considerable additions to our knowledge of the coinage and history of the East; perhaps the most important is the discovery of a coin of the Beni-Ommarah, a dynasty as yet unknown to numismatists.

THE STAGE.

On Actors and the Art of Acting. By George Henry Lewes. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.)

THERE are gathered together, in the little volume before us—which Mr. Lewes quite modestly and accurately describes as a “trifle”—a dozen or sixteen papers contributed at different times, but chiefly some eight or ten years ago, to the periodical press. I recognise some that appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its earliest days, but the sources from which Mr. Lewes has generally drawn this reprint are not stated in the volume. That, however, is of little moment. The book must stand upon its own merits. Almost any one of the essays would have sufficed to prove that Mr. Lewes was a competent theatrical critic, and as far as Mr. Lewes is personally concerned, the whole volume proves little more.

The author has always been deterred from republishing articles written for a temporary purpose, and the reasons which have deterred him have not lost their force; “and if,” says he, “I here weave together several detached papers into a small volume, it is because a temporary purpose may again be served, now a change seems coming over the state of the stage.” There appears, however, to have been but little of “weaving together:” much of putting merely side by side. There is little sequence in the book, and there is naturally more of repetition than would have been likely to be found in a book written as a whole. The volume is of course interesting and suggestive to those who care really for the art of acting; but had the matter been greatly re-written and re-cast—had Mr. Lewes bestowed more care and work on its republication—it would have gained in value. For very much of what he wrote eight years ago and has allowed to remain has ceased to have meaning for us. Sometimes he has perceived this, and has added a footnote modifying some general statement of eight years since by the light of present experience, as when reference is made by him to facts which would have seemed incredible eight years ago—the performance of *Hamlet* for 200 nights, and of *The School for Scandal* for 300 nights—but often a general statement or comment not at all in accordance with present circumstances has been allowed to remain; as, when he exclaims “Fancy a comedy in blank verse at the Haymarket!” and again as when he avers “M^{de}me. Plessy is the most musical, the most measured, the most incisive speaker (whether of prose or verse) now on the stage,” and adds, “Got, Sanson, and Regnier are great actors because they represent types, and the types are recognised as true.” Most people, it is true, may be supposed to be aware that of the three last-named actors only one now remains upon the stage. Most may be aware also, that admirable as is the art of M^{de}me. Arnould Plessy, a “speaker” more “musical” has certainly arisen in the person of M^{lle}. Sarah Bernhardt. But in a book published to-day, the changed conditions of the stage should be recognised. The long article called “The Drama in Paris, 1865,” is open to the same

sort of objection. Its matter is a past thing: its allusions difficult to recall in our day: its point of view naturally wrong for us at this hour. And from all this we are forced to think either that Mr. Lewes's volume should have been given to us eight years ago, when the “temporary purpose,” if it was that of influencing the stage or the public, would have been still better served than now; or, failing that, that it should have been much recast, for issue to readers at the present time.

Does it then follow that the book is without value, and is to be classed for practical purposes, with industrious efforts of “book-making”? Certainly not. If the chapter called “Foreign Actors on our Stage,” dealing with the successes of Ristori, Fechter and M^{lle}. Stella Colas, and the chapters on the drama in Paris and the drama in Germany, are comparatively useless, the earlier chapters in the volume have something of historical interest and importance: the pages on the Keans, Macready and the elder Farren may be read with interest by playgoers and with profit by actors. It has been Mr. Lewes's privilege to record here impressions made on him and his contemporaries in chosen moments, by chosen men. The character of Macready's talent, of Edmund Kean's genius, of Farren's charm, is discussed close by the side of other themes as worthy—the worthiest the stage presents. For this concentration of criticism upon worthy objects—which the necessities of the day make impossible in journalism—we may go, with great pleasure, to Mr. Lewes's book. In this respect, his best essays, as mere pleasant reading, are, so to say, the cream of certain old journalism, on this especial subject—Time having made it possible for the book to dispense, as the journal could not do, with the skim-milk it must have been somebody's business to provide. And our only quarrel with this volume is that some of the skim-milk remains.

A quotation from an excellent paper on Edmund Kean—a paper excellent at least in literary form and fairly accordant, we suppose, with most of sound opinion in its judgment on the actor's art—a quotation from this will enable us not only to present some characteristics of Kean's acting to the reader's eye, but quoting it before another passage culled elsewhere, to bring prominently forward from the mass of the book a theory on which Mr. Lewes strongly insists. This is part of what he says of Kean:—

“Kean was a consummate master of passionate expression. People generally spoke of him as a type of the ‘impulsive actor.’ But if by this they meant one who abandoned himself to the impulse of the moment, without forethought of pre-arranged effect, nothing could be wider from the mark. He was an artist, and in art all effects are regulated. The original suggestion may be, and generally is, sudden and unprepared—‘inspired’ as we say: but the alert intellect recognises its truth, seizes on it, regulates it. Without nice calculation no proportion could be preserved: we should have a work of fitful impulse: not a work of enduring art. Kean vigilantly and patiently rehearsed every detail, trying the tones until his ear was satisfied; and having once regulated these, he never changed them.”

So it was that, as Mr. Lewes adds, when

Kean was sober enough to be able to stand and speak his part with the precision with which a good singer will sing a song. One who has acted repeatedly with Kean has said that, when the tragedian was rehearsing on a new stage, he accurately counted the number of steps he had to take before reaching a certain spot, or before uttering a certain word. This was the mechanism of his art, and he knew its necessity. But possibly Mr. Lewes in his firm belief of the need for absolutely pre-arranged effects pays too little attention to the difference that does exist between actors who play upon impulse and actors who do not. He is right undoubtedly in disabusing a portion of the public of the foolish notion that any actor who can be called an artist, can leave to the impulse of the moment the effect he will produce; but remembering of Edmund Kean that the voice on some nights would be more irresistibly touching in “But, oh! the pity of it, Iago”—or more musically forlorn in “Othello's occupation's gone”—or more terrible in “Blood, Iago; blood, blood”—one may see that the popular error has its foundation in fact, and one may note, as Mr. Lewes hardly sufficiently notes, the varying degrees in which accomplished actors, all with pre-arranged effects, allow these effects to be modified or exalted by the feeling of the moment—by spirits, health, and I know not what other conditions.

In one of his earlier pages the author tells, under all reserve, the story of Macready's lashing himself into wild fury as Shylock by shaking a ladder behind the scenes—owing to the actor's difficulty of “striking twelve to begin with”—and the story of the comic Liston cursing and spluttering to himself, while Vestris looked with amusement upon that preparation. These stories suggest our second quotation, in which the author discusses how far the actor feels the emotion he expresses:—

“When we hear of Macready or Liston lashing themselves into a fury behind the scenes, in order to come on the stage sufficiently excited to give a truthful representation of the agitation of anger, the natural inference is that these artists recognised the truth of the popular notion which assumes that the actor really feels what he expresses. But this inference seems contradicted by experience. Not only is it notorious that the actor is feigning, and that if he really felt what he feigns he would be unable to withstand the wear and tear of such emotion repeated night after night; but it is indisputable to those who know anything of Art, that the mere presence of genuine emotion would be such a disturbance of the intellectual equilibrium as entirely to frustrate artistic expression. Talma told M. Barrière that he was once carried away by the truth and beauty of the actress playing with him, till she recalled him by a whisper: ‘Take care, Talma, you are moved!’ on which he remarked, ‘C'est qu'en effet de l'émotion naît le trouble: la voix réside, la mémoire manque, les gestes sont faux, l'effet est détruit.’ And there is an observation of M^{ol}é to a similar effect: ‘Je ne suis pas content de moi ce soir: je ne suis pas resté mon maître: j'étais trop vivement dans la situation: j'étais le personnage même, je n'étais plus l'acteur qui le joue. J'ai été vrai comme je le serais chez moi; pour l'optique du théâtre il faut l'être autrement.’”

It is necessary then not to feel, but to have felt. The actor, like the writer, must fall back here and again on past emotions,

not vivid enough to be disturbing. "I have suffered cruel losses," said Talma—whom again Mr. Lewes cites in pages probably the most interesting of his little volume—"I have suffered cruel losses." But after the first hours of sorrow, added he, he found himself involuntarily turning his gaze inwards—the actor was unconsciously studying the man, and catching nature in the trick. "Je faisais un retour sur mes souffrances"—an artist by that act as much as by more visible achievements.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE theatrical season is destined to be notable for its early collapse, as well as for the scanty additions to the stock of stage literature which it has furnished. Looking round, we find that by the middle of July the Haymarket is relying for such attractiveness as it may have upon the past successes of the Court—Mr. Edgar Bruce having reproduced *Alone* and the *Wedding March* with a cast not strong enough to call for much criticism. We find the Lyceum closed, though in this case the theatre closes after a brilliant season. We find the St. James's closed, the Princess's closed, the Globe closing to-night, the Criterion resting on the old success of *Madame Angot*, the Prince of Wales's on an old comedy, *Money*, and the Olympic on an old realistic drama, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*. Mr. Byron's efforts at the Vaudeville and the Strand appear still potent to draw the Town, and at the Adelphi the real coach is started every evening with Nicholas Nickleby on his way to Yorkshire. Beyond this, there is little to note, and of this there is little to note with pride.

ONE theatre opens to-night. The Queen's invites us to witness again the drama of *Clancarty*: this time with Mr. George Rignold and Miss Helen Barry as its hero and heroine. The season here will be of very brief duration, the play-bills announce. The piece is nevertheless of the kind for which the great theatre is fitted.

ON Saturday morning a new piece was produced at the Olympic, or, to speak accurately, an adaptation of a play by M. d'Ennery and M. Edouard Plouvier. It was produced on the occasion of a benefit, and in its new form did not bid fair to engross the prolonged attention of the London public. MM. d'Ennery and Plouvier are both adepts, in their way, and it would be difficult to entirely root out popular interest in some of their best work, but more effective presentation than that given at the Olympic *matinée* would seem to be necessary if the play is to make a mark in England. The old man—hero of *Le Centenaire* and of its English version, *A Hundred Years Old*—was played by Mr. Odell. Mr. G. W. Anson gave marked character to a smaller part, while two women's parts were played by Miss Nelly Harris and Miss Louise Willes. The last-named lady is new to London, but we understand her to have found favour in some great provincial towns.

SIGNOR SALVINI repeated on Monday his performance of the *Gladiator* at Drury Lane. His final appearance—delayed for a while—was to take place last evening, in *Othello*.

THE theatrical profession is giving its services, and theatre-goers their money, in aid of the sufferers by the French inundations. The performance of Thursday week at the Lyceum seems to have been tolerably productive—the Paris *Figaro* stating that about 500*l.* is realised. This sum, if we are rightly informed, is about double the amount that can be taken at a single performance at the ordinary prices of this theatre, but then the prices for admission on the occasion of the special performance were extraordinarily high—the stalls

were a couple of guineas. The programme, be it said, was well carried out; MM. Capoul and Jolly, and Mmes. Raphael and Pauline Luigini having duly appeared in *opéra bouffe*; Mdma. Nilsson and other great singers gave a little concert; Mdlle. Delaporte and the Bilhauds did their part in comedy; Mdles. Damain and Camille in the verses of M. de Bornier—*Paris-Toulouse*. But this performance was by no means the last for the charitable purpose named above. A morning representation at the Gaiety on Saturday was given for the same object, and on Wednesday, at Drury Lane, a large gathering was announced, and representations of parts of very popular and well-known pieces, by many of our best English actors.

THE production of *Léa*, the new drama for the Gymnase Theatre, has been postponed on account of the illness of Mdlle. Tallandiera, who had undertaken the principal part. Mention is made of the possible engagement of this actress next year at the Théâtre Français, where she would appear for the first time as *Andromaque*. Mdlle. Tallandiera, it may be remembered, is an actress who was discovered by Dumas, taught something by Regnier, and engaged on the recommendation of these two by M. Montigny, of the Gymnase—at which theatre if she has by no means merited the success of its most famous artists, she has at all events given to the performances an interest which Mdma. Fromentin could not impart. And for a while, it may be recollected, the Gymnase was so unfortunate as to have Mdma. Fromentin for its leading lady.

THE Théâtre de Cluny, in the heart of the Latin quarter, has probably done wisely in bringing forward *Le Pays Latin* of Henri Mürger, though the drama seems less effective than the story. The story too was written under difficulties. The *Vie de Bohème* had opened to Mürger the gates of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and with the *Pays Latin* in hand he passed through them. Not, however, says M. Vitu, without trouble. It was necessary, they told him—as they have since told aspirants to the honours of Buloz—to take the tone of the Review, and that is why the grisettes were sometimes wont to be sacrificed to women of good society. And Mürger, it is added, suffered much from the corrections imposed on him in the *Revue*, and yet managed to come well out of a difficult task. M. Vitu gives to *Le Pays Latin* the first place among the works of Henri Mürger, while others assign it the second. But the *Vie de Bohème*—if it is that with which one is inclined to compare it—is, as must be remembered, hardly a complete thing, having been written with little plan, in obedience to the necessities of the day. M. Vitu, however, and others of the admirers of the *Pays Latin* go further than to say that it is the best work of Mürger. Let Vitu speak for the rest:—

"Suppress the title, which is academical, and inaccurate, too, since it announces a picture which is never painted; remove altogether the end, which recalls, without rhyme or reason, that of the *Dame aux Camélias*; stop the book at the delicious moment when the sinning woman, now recalled to good things, is first smitten with the love of Claude; call the book *Mariette*, and you will have christened aright one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of French literature in our century. Mariette is superior to Manon Lescaut. . . . *Le Pays Latin*, of Henri Mürger, is a sharp and close study, in which a powerful writer reveals himself to us for the first time with a master's brilliance and decisiveness."

And then, alas! it has to be admitted that the play is not to be named in the same breath with the novel, and that its performance is not worthy of criticism. But we have said that M. Vitu's opinion of the novel is not one that is universally accepted. Put it against M. Clément Caraguel's, and it appears a Bohemian opinion, while that of the academic writer in the Orleanist print takes, as Mürger himself was told to take, the "tone of the Review." And all that seems good to one

critic seems bad to another. "Mürger," writes M. Caraguel—

"Mürger perhaps lacked confidence in himself. Having obtained a notorious and unexpected success with his *Vie de Bohème*, it seems that he could hardly venture quite to quit the ground on which he had gained his first battle, and that, voluntarily, he had imprisoned himself there. Nevertheless, as he said himself, 'Le Pays Latin n'est pas un pays où l'on reste: c'est un pays que l'on traverse, où on laisse parfois de touchans souvenirs, mais où on ne revient pas.' That is not only true for the student; it is true for the poet. The mine to be worked there is not a rich one. The artist finding in that Bohemian life a pretty subject for a picture, takes it—and passes on. Just so, in passing, Alfred de Musset took the subject of *Frédéric et Bernerette*—one of the prettiest of his stories."

Furthermore, it is ingeniously contended that Mürger, tired and disgusted with the manners and life which he had made it a speciality to paint, put his own sentiments into the mouth of Edouard, the hero of the *Pays Latin*. "You wrong yourself," says Edouard, to the young girl Mariette, "in saying that you are like the creatures that surround you. Don't believe in their apparent gaiety. You fancy they amuse themselves—in reality they work, for their pleasures have become to them necessities of life. Not one of them who can think without a shudder, of to-morrow. Elles ne se donnent même plus—elles se laissent prendre." Why then did not the author leave subjects of which he was heartily weary? Because he knew them so well, and was afraid, says M. Caraguel, to wade boldly out of his familiar marshes towards the open sea.

THE French Government has purchased, for the Luxembourg, Bonnat's portrait of Mdma. Pasca—the most noted theatrical portrait in the Salon of 1875.

MUSIC.

ADAM'S "POSTILLON DE LONGJUMEAU."

OF the numerous comic operas written by Adolphe Adam, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, performed at the Gaiety Theatre last Saturday, is generally considered the masterpiece. First produced at the Opéra Comique in Paris on October 13, 1836, it has ever since retained possession of the stage, and at the present time is performed quite as frequently, if not more so, in Germany as in France. Its great popularity is probably due equally to its charming and sparkling music and to its excellent and most amusing libretto. It is perhaps hardly too much to call it the drollest of the comic operas which the French company at the Gaiety have brought to a hearing, though the drollery arises rather from the delineation of the characters than from the intrinsic nature of the plot. As the opera, though often given on the Continent, has very seldom been heard in this country, some account of the libretto may not be unacceptable.

In the first act Chapelou, the postilion of Longjumeau, has just been married to Madeline, and after the ceremony they return to the inn, where Chapelou lives. Here the Marquis de Corey, the master of the king's revels, arrives, a wheel of his carriage having broken, and Biju, a wheelwright, and a rejected suitor of Madeline's, is engaged to mend it. The Marquis is on the search for singers for the Royal Opera, and hearing Chapelou sing is so delighted with him that he determines to take him away. After much difficulty he succeeds by magnificent promises in inducing him to desert his bride, and he drives away with him.

Between the first and second acts ten years have elapsed, and Chapelou, under the name of Saint-Phar, has become the principal singer at the opera. Madeline has inherited the property of a rich aunt, and calling herself Mdma. Latour also lives at Paris. The Marquis has fallen in love with her, and though she despises him thoroughly, she resolves to make use of him to punish her faithless husband. The Marquis has assembled the opera-singers in her house to perform a piece he has

written in her honour. They at first refuse, alleging that they are overworked, and pretending to have bad colds. Saint-Phar, however, on learning in whose house they are, persuades them to sing, as he is enamoured of Mme. Latour because of her likeness to his deserted wife. At the close of the entertainment, she expresses her readiness to marry him, to the great disgust of the Marquis.

In the third act we find Saint-Phar resolved to go through a mock ceremony of marriage with Mme. Latour, for which purpose he calls in the aid of Bijou, who has become the leader of the chorus, under the name of Alcindor, and who undertakes to dress up one of the opera chorus as a priest to perform the marriage rites. Saint-Phar is however overreached by Mme. Latour, who brings a real priest and has him married in earnest for the second time. On discovering the real state of the case Saint-Phar is in despair, expecting to be hanged for bigamy. Ultimately, however, Mme. Latour, *alias* Madeline, explains the deception she has practised, and with her forgiveness of her truant husband all ends happily.

Adam's music to this libretto is charming throughout. In piquant and ear-catching melodies the score may rank with those of Auber, while the instrumentation is most refined, and abounding in excellent effects. Perhaps on the whole Adam is most successful in the more purely comic portions of the work. It is difficult to imagine anything droller in music than the Romance in the second act (supposed to be the composition of the Marquis) "Assis au pied d'un hêtre," or Bijou's song in the same act "Oui, des choristes du théâtre," or the trio in the third act "Pendu, pendu!" while other parts of the music are distinguished by grace and elegance. There is hardly that individuality about it which would lead one on hearing it to say "That is Adam!" as one might in the case of Rossini or Auber; but there are no plagiarisms, and from the beginning to the end of the score there is one series of ever-flowing and always attractive melodies.

With regard to the performance, too high praise can scarcely be given to it. As Madeline Mdle. Albert sang and acted with all her usual charm, leaving indeed little or nothing to desire. The part of Chapelou was announced to be taken by M. Tournié, but as that gentleman was suffering from a return of the malady which has already more than once caused him to disappoint his hearers, his place was taken by M. Herbert in a manner which left no cause to regret the substitution. Both as a singer and an actor this gentleman was completely successful, his most noticeable performances being the Postillon's Song in the first act, and the burlesque Romance (already alluded to) in the second. M. Sujol, as the old Marquis, was exquisitely droll, especially in his love-making scene with Mme. Latour in the second act. It was a treat to see so excellent an artist as M. Joinnisse in a part so worthy of his ability as that of Bijou. It is characteristic of the self-sacrificing spirit of this French company that M. Joinnisse, who is certainly one of their best actors, should have undertaken such secondary characters as Matheo in *Fra Diavolo* and the Pastor in the *Dragons de Villars*. In the *Postillon* he had a better chance, and he certainly made the most of it. Anything richer and more amusing than his performance throughout, and perhaps more especially his singing of his song, "Oui, des choristes du théâtre" cannot be imagined. The subordinate parts of Rose and Bourdon were most efficiently given by Mme. Gayda and M. Vandamme, and the chorus, orchestra, and *mise-en-scène* were as excellent as they always are at these performances.

To-night the season finishes. We hope next week to give a short review of the excellent series of performances now, unfortunately, to be brought to a close.

EBENEZER PROUT.

THE National Music Meetings at the Crystal Palace were brought to a close on Saturday last by a concert in which the various prize-winners took part. The average of excellence of the competitors has been, on the whole, in advance of that of previous meetings, and the successful candidates have not only shown good natural ability, but have given evidence of much careful training and earnest study. In fulfilment of last week's promise, we give the list of those to whom on Saturday prizes were given by Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt:—Miss Agnes Larkcom (1st soprano prize), Miss Carrina (2nd ditto), Miss Annie Butterworth and Miss Emma Reimar (1st and 2nd contralto prizes), Messrs. G. Sylvester and Lawrence Fryer (1st and 2nd tenor prizes), Mr. Edward Wharton (1st bass), and Messrs. Frank Thomas and Henry Cross, who were bracketed as equal for the second bass prize. In addition, the brass band of the Carrow Works, Norwich (Messrs. Colman's), were successful in the competition against the bands of the First Tower Hamlets Volunteers and the Marylebone School, Southall, and the Liverpool Representative Choir, conducted by Mr. James Sanders, was adjudged superior to the South London Choir (conductor, Mr. Venables), which last received special commendation. The victory of the Liverpool singers will surprise nobody who was present at the musical festival held in that town last autumn, when the choral performances, as noted at the time in these columns, were of exceptional merit.

A PUBLIC meeting, convened by the Lord Mayor, was held yesterday week at the Mansion House to promise the establishment of scholarships in connexion with the proposed national training-school for music at South Kensington. The Masters of several of the City companies took part in the proceedings. Though it would be premature at present to offer any opinion as to the proposed institution, seeing that nothing is as yet known as to the plans to be adopted or the professors to be appointed, it may fairly be asked, is such a school required at all? We have already a Royal Academy of Music, which may fairly claim to be considered "National," which does thoroughly honest work, and turns out musicians of whom, as a whole, we have certainly no cause to be ashamed; and we cannot but think that it would be much more serviceable to art in this country to strengthen the hands of the Academy, which has done nothing to forfeit public confidence, than to start a rival institution.

MANY of our readers will remember that Mr. Carl Rosa had arranged to give a series of operatic performances in English in the spring of last year. This enterprise was, however, not then carried out, owing to the lamented death of his wife—the late Mme. Parepa-Rosa. Though postponed, it has not been abandoned; and now, after having given a successful series of performances in the principal towns of the provinces, Mr. Rosa announces a short series to be given at the Princess's Theatre, to commence on September 11. Though the operas will be performed in English, the impresario (we think most wisely) will not confine himself to works by native composers. The most interesting work announced, for musicians at least, will be Cherubini's *Water Carrier*, better known by its French name of *Les Deux Journées*. Mozart's *Figaro*, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* and *Siege of Rochelle*, and a new opera by Cagnoni, are also promised. The orchestra is to number forty performers—quite sufficient for a house of moderate size—and will include many of our best players, while Miss Rose Hersee and Mr. Santley will be among the leading members of the company. We wish Mr. Rosa's scheme every success.

HERR OTTO PEINIGER, a very promising young violinist, and a pupil of Joachim, gave a concert at Willis's Rooms on the 8th inst. Herr Peiniger plays not only with correct execution, but with

true musical feeling, and is likely to take a good place among the performers on his difficult instrument.

THE last concert of the Welsh Choral Union for the present season took place on Monday evening last at St. James's Hall.

THIS afternoon the Chevalier de Furtado Coelho will give a concert at Willis's Rooms to introduce his newly-invented instrument, the "Cophophone," which, from the engraving on the programme, appears to be an improved variety of the musical glasses.

The latest accounts from Bayreuth state that the new theatre is now completed with the exception of some of the internal fittings and decorations. The first rehearsals for next year's performances have already begun, and the rehearsals with full orchestra are arranged to take place from August 1 to 15. In order to accommodate the numerous visitors expected next summer, it is proposed to erect a grand hotel, making up 600 beds. The cost is estimated at 220,000 florins, and the necessary furniture will be hired for six weeks.

A NEW society has been established at Brussels, under the name of "Société pour la Propagation du Système de Notation simplifiée par la Classification Numérique des Octaves selon la Théorie du Diapason," which has for its object the introduction of a new and simplified notation, doing away with all clefs except that of C. However open to improvement the present notation may be, it is impossible that any new one, even if better and simpler, can replace it, because of the enormous quantity of music already in existence. It is absurd to suppose that this can all be reproduced in any new notation, and until it is, the present must be adhered to.

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